

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Greatest Circulation in the World

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Sunday, Sept. 18, 1932



HENRY CLIVE

Pets

by Henry Clive
Verses by
Carolyn Wells

No. 4—Thoroughbreds

My Beautiful! And so you won!
You are my favorite, but none!
And, if you please, a certain man
Just raved about the way you ran.
But listen, while I whisper you,
He says I am a winner, too!

England's "Depression College" for Down-and-Outers Only

One of the Unfortunate Students at the College Learning How to Milk a Cow Under the Watchful Eye of One of the Instructing Monks.



—Below—
Some of the Undergraduates at the "Depression College" Learning to Make Hay While the Sun Shines. Most of Them Expect to Take Up Farming When Times Get Better.



Carpentry as Well as Farming Is Taught the Unemployed and Penniless Men Who Are Learning Useful Trades at the School Near Tunbridge Wells, England.



ALTHOUGH it is a small establishment with less than half a hundred "students," England's agricultural college in Tunbridge Wells is, in its way, attracting as much attention as the famous institutions of learning at Oxford and Cambridge.

This college is, actually, nothing more pretentious than an old farm, with a few unimpressive buildings and less than 75 acres of land. Its faculty are monks, members of the Brotherhood of St. Francis of Assisi, who carry on their religious and humanitarian work under the sponsorship of the Church of England. And its students are, every one of them, down-and-outers impoverished by the depression.

The Tunbridge Wells school is the newest of several such places which the monks have opened as their contribution to the return of prosperity and the rebuilding of men broken in health and spirit. Other such farms, operated on the same principle, already have been established in Dorset and in Devon.

At first, it was the intention of the Brothers of St. Francis merely to establish havens where unemployed and homeless men could be self-supporting until times got better. It was figured that such of these farms could support many men who would work for their keep by tilling the soil and raising crops, sheep and hogs. In short, it was a back-to-the-soil movement on a small scale.

But so interested were most of the down-and-outers in learning the details of gardening, of grain growing, of

dairying and sheep raising that the Church of England saw an opportunity to make schools of the rural places of refuge. The first move was to assign to the farms brothers who knew the ways of the soil—men who knew how to plant and harvest crops and to care for live stock.

Without the formality of classes, these monks worked with their unfortunate charges and taught them the tricks of the trade, so to speak. And they found that their "pupils" were eager to learn while they labored.

The photographs were taken on the "campus" at the

Tunbridge Wells school and they tell the story of this "depression college" pretty well. The monks themselves work in the fields and in the barns and impart their knowledge of the science of agriculture while they do their share of the labor.

In addition to general farming, carpentry is taught, and the school buildings are kept in repair by the men themselves. On the Tunbridge Wells place several additional buildings have been put up, all by the willing and enthusiastic student body.

Some of the men, of course, were more or less experienced in carpentry and in interior finishing. They play the role of assistant instructors and show their fellows how to put up a building and how to make a house attractive and comfortable.

All the "depression colleges" are in rural sections, of course, and there is no need for the men to work as hard, or as steadily, as workers employed in the country's industrial plants. They could, if they were so disposed, get along by doing very little work. But there are no shirkers on these farms.

The brothers do not drive the men in their care, but they do not have to. What might be called the school spirit runs high and every last one of the "pupils" wants to make his farm the best of its kind in the country. They rise early and work late, for they are grateful for their escape from poverty, want and worry and they appreciate the opportunity they have to fit themselves for useful work when the chance comes for them to "graduate."

During the past year about 100 men have received their diplomas, in a manner of speaking, by being sent out on their own to work for farmers in need of extra hands. The vacancies they left were immediately filled by other down-and-outers who had heard of the agricultural schools but who had not waited their turn to be enrolled.

Religious training is not stressed at the "depression colleges," but regular services are held for those who want to attend and many men, under the kindly influence of the brothers, have become Christians as well as good farmers.

Found a Pair of Mummies in His Back Yard



ALL L. J. Gregory, a farmer living near Indian Springs, Georgia, expected the soil of his farm to yield was grain and vegetables and fruit, but it now appears that his acres may produce a crop of mummies. Already Mr. Gregory has unearthed two of the curious relics—a mother and a child locked together in death—and there's no telling how many more of the things are buried beneath the surface of his farm.

The photograph at the left shows the farmer with his interesting but rather gruesome find. The larger mummy measures four feet four inches in height and is in a remarkable state of preservation for objects of this kind. It is assumed that the body has shrunk con-

siderably since it was put in the ground and that the woman was, in life, something over five feet tall. The child has the appearance of being an infant not more than a year old when it died.

Just what Mr. Gregory has dug out of his back yard is, as yet, a mystery which the men of science haven't been able to explain. They are reasonably sure, however, that they are mummies of the bodies of Indians and not of white people. The formation of the skulls and the apparent age of the remains indicate that the mother and child were members of some Indian tribe.

A comparison of the features with different types of Indians has led several authorities to believe that the mummies, when alive, were members of the Toltec

race, although there is little evidence to show that this race ever settled as far north as what is now the State of Georgia.

In ancient Aztec legends, the Toltecs were once dominant in the Valley of Mexico and were the highly cultured and intelligent builders of the impressive ruins of Tula, which means "Toltec place." They were revered as the bearers of the arts until about 1100 A. D., when they, like many another powerful race, went into a decline.

The Toltecs, it is said, often buried mothers and children in the manner of the mummies found on the Georgia farm. It is probable that a considerable portion of the farm will be dug over in the hope of finding other remains and objects of metal and pottery to help date the bodies.



Her Heart's in the Wrong Place

IF Dr. C. H. Dehli, the former president of the Illinois Heart Association, had not happened to call at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William T. Myres, of Poplar Bluff, Missouri, to treat an illness of the son, no one might ever have known that little "Peache" Myres, the daughter of the family is "all scrambled up inside."

"Peache," although she was in perfect health, thought that the doctor ought to give her a little time, too, so the physician listened to her heart through his stethoscope. He discovered, to his surprise, that the child's heart is on her right side, which is, of course, the wrong side of the body.

Later, in order to study her case more carefully, the doctor took the child to St. Louis, where he made many X-ray pictures of her body. When the negatives were developed, the heart specialist could hardly believe what he saw, for

"Peache" was put together all wrong. Her liver, instead of being on the right side, is on the left, and her stomach is reversed. In spite of this "scrambling" the youngster is healthy and happy. No one would suspect that she is constructed different from any other human being who ever has come to the attention of American physicians.

Just how rare a human specimen the

young resident of Poplar Bluff is can be appreciated by the fact that only four persons out of every million are born with their hearts on the right side of the body. Not more than one female in a million is so put together.

"Peache," who bears the masculine name of Willie, couldn't quite understand about the trip to St. Louis and all the doctors, so the doctors did to her at the hospital there. And all their confusing talk about "Dextrocardia"—which is the scientific name for right-handed hearts—meant nothing to her.

One of the most interesting developments of the discovery that she is a structural "freak" is the rumor that the Quaker Club of London may invite "Peache" to become an honorary member of their strange and exclusive organization. This club is composed of only six members, each of whom has his, or her, heart on the right—hat is, the wrong—side.

Little Willie "Peache" Myres, of Poplar Bluff, Missouri, Who Is Healthy and Happy Although Her Heart and Liver Are on the Wrong Side and Her Stomach Is Put in Backwards.

Duchess' Niece Becomes Grocer

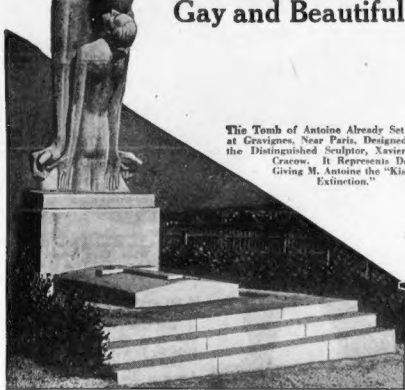
THE shopkeepers in Covent Garden market were surprised, a few mornings ago, when they beheld the Honorable Flavia Forbes, pretty niece of the Duchess of Sutherland walking briskly between the produce-laden stalls with a basket on her arm. And they were amazed when they saw the blue-blooded young woman, who moves in the best Mayfair set, stop before a little shop and unlock the door. The Honorable Miss Forbes, in answer to a flood of courteous questions, explained that she had gone into the green grocer's business. "It isn't a stunt," she said, "I'm in business for fun, or for my health. Like a lot of other people, I've got to make a living and I think I'd like to make it this way."

A fortnight later, Miss Forbes was one of the busiest merchants in the famous market and her list of patrons was increasing daily. Every morning she arrived at the market at 6 o'clock to buy her day's supplies from the farmers and wholesalers and by 6 o'clock she was making her deliveries, some of them in person.

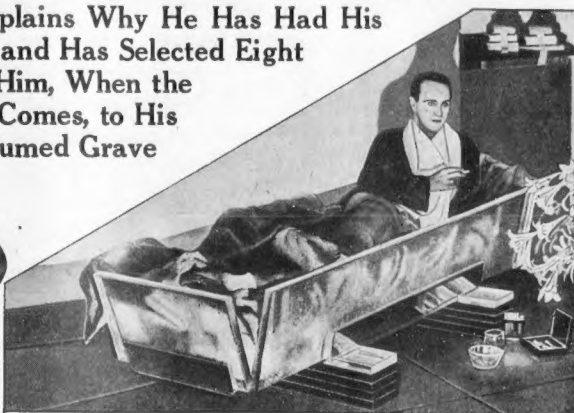
The niece of the duchess is, she frankly admits, somewhat more ambitious than some of the other tradesmen in the market. If she makes a success of her shop she intends to make it the nucleus of a chain of such places supplied by her own market gardens. Believing, she hopes, will be made by a fleet of trucks. Some of Miss Forbes' fashionable friends are shocked by her fling in the grocery business, but the Duchess is in complete sympathy with the venture and buys all her green stuff from the girl's little shop.

Always Making Women Lovelier, and Always Thinking of Death

M. Antoine, the Famous Paris Hairdresser, Explains Why He Has Had His Tomb Built, Sleeps in His Glass Coffin, and Has Selected Eight Gay and Beautiful Manikins to Carry Him, When the Time Comes, to His Perfumed Grave



This Tomb of Antoine Already Set Up at Gravities, Near Paris, Designed by the Distinguished Sculptor, Xavier of Caroux. It Represents Death Giving M. Antoine the "Kiss of Extinction."



M. Antoine Reclining in the Glass Coffin Which Will Encase His Body When He Is Buried, but Which He Now Uses as a Bed.

PARIS, September 3. M. ANTOINE, the great and only Antoine, is known as "the Edison of the hair-dressing profession" because he invented such monumental ingenuities as lacquered hair, grey-colored wigs, real gold-painted hair, the "shingle," the "Eton crop" and other improvements upon nature which make the head of the ultra-fashionable woman the fearful and wonderful thing that it is today.

This man who has dared to make some women over until their Creator would probably have to look twice to recognize his own handwork, sleeps in the glass coffin in which he is to be buried, has completed his own perfumed tomb and planned an extraordinary funeral for himself, including pallbearers who will be, not solemn men in black coats, but pretty, laughing, gayly dressed manikins.

He frequently rehearses his funeral, sits in his tomb and keeps his studio full of objects to remind him constantly of death. Yet he is only 45 years old and in perfect health. Is a man who does such grotesque things to be considered a crank or some sort of religious fanatic, interested only in the next world?

He is nothing of the kind, according to his own explanation. M. Antoine says that he is a hard-working, hard-headed, practical man, an artist who is trying to make the most of his talents. He does these things for the same reason that a business man plays golf whether he likes it or not, or works a sewing machine because he believes it makes him work better.

"Death," says M. Antoine, "is the great distinguisher, as we all know. But it is also the great creative cause and stimulus. Therefore, a creative artist should surround himself with as many suggestions of the grave as possible. I would have my studio in a cemetery, but this cannot be because people do not understand and would resent it."

"It is easy to prove Death's role as creator of the creative urge. Tell me the death rate of any race of men or animals and I can tell you quite closely its birth rate. They rise and fall together. That is a well-known scientific fact, but far realer, as I do, that fear of death causes the mind to strive to create immortal things."

"Death is dreadful, the one sure and irrefragable catastrophe. We flee from it with our legs when we see it coming in physical form, as fire, flood, now that hurrying automobile. But we know that in the end it will certainly catch and destroy us in one. We are born under a death sentence, and the thought is unendurable, so we flee from it mentally."

"The religious person escapes by telling himself that the coffin lid is only a narrow door to another world in which he will live forever. The person who cannot entirely persuade himself of this agreeable idea is forced to cheat the grave by another method."

"The sculptor and painter have behind them objects which they hope will preserve their memory forever, and the author puts into words thoughts which he hopes will be deathless. The Pharos, who built indestructible pyramids, probably did as good a job as anybody toward immortalizing themselves, all because, like common mortals, they were in terror of the grim reaper."

"Now I am a sculptor. It is true that I no longer work in cold stone but on the living tresses of lovely



M. Antoine Listening to Sad Music on the Radio, Which Is Surrounded by a Carving He Calls "Thoughts on Death."



The Eight Gay and Laughing Manikins Who Have Agreed to Carry the Body of M. Antoine to His Perfumed Grave—If He Should Die Before They Do and They Are Still Gay and Laughing and Beautiful.

that everyone who passes by my tomb will have his nostrils gratified, not perhaps by an odor of sanctity, but one that will probably be more pleasant. "Though I am a sculptor it was beyond my limitations to carve a tomb which would affect me in the right way. Therefore, I had to have it done by the famous sculptor, Xavier of Poland, whose hand is cleverer than mine in that line, but he worked from my sketches. It represents the spirit's last kiss as it leaves the body. My funeral has been worked out and rehearsed to the last detail.

"I shall lie exposed in the coffin surrounded by vases of lilies. My head will rest on a gathering of silver wigs. Var-colored lights will play upon me for 24 hours. The invitations to the funeral will be on glass. While the organ plays for the last time, eight beautiful manikins with hair dressed in my various most famous styles will act as pallbearers. There are also several surprises which will not be made known until the proper time. I call the ceremony of my funeral 'My Last Creation.'"

Antoine's rapid rise to fame and wealth is another of those examples of how Fate's Fortune knocks at everyone's door but only a few know how

to welcome the lady. As a poor Polish boy he took the combined savings of his family and relatives to send him to Paris for a couple of years' study of sculpture. "Art is long and life is short" and after the two years he was so short of cash that he had to return to Poland, his dream of being a great sculptor shattered.

While looking around for some sort of job, a friend asked him to mind his hairdressing shop a few minutes, but failed to come back for hours. Meanwhile the shop's two best customers arrived and became indignant because nobody could attend to them. Merely to keep the two ladies interested till his friend returned, Antoine made a bluff at working on them.

Knowing nothing of the art of scissors-wielding, he dared not cut, but with his nimble sculptor's fingers felt the tresses up into shapes approximating those he made in clay. To his surprise the women looked in the mirror and cried out in joy. Becoming bold, he decided to send them out that way but, alas, some of the locks kept falling down and spoiling the effect. Fearing to use the scissors he found some quick-drying shellac and cheerfully glued them in place. This necessity was the mother of the invention of

lacquered hair.

The friend, hearing what he had done, wept that he was ruined. There would be lawsuits.

Instead of suing, the two star customers came back and brought many wealthy friends, all insisting that only the marvelous young stranger could minister to them. The hairdresser had to take Antoine in as partner and both made money hand over fist. Presently the firm moved to Paris and bigger and better things.

Antoine saw that much of the head-dressing was ugly. Since the time of Marie Antoinette everyone had followed the dull custom of obliterating entirely the lines of the head, and with the vast and unwise patterns of the time of the Grand Monarch had given way to lesser forms, the general idea was the same. He was the first coiffure artist to create a style distinctive to each of his customers. With the coming into fashion of short hair and the "Dutch Bob," which was far from becoming to every woman, Antoine improved upon the general

style, and started variations, the first of which he called the "Shingle." With his training as a sculptor behind him he ceased merely to dress hair and became a head architect.

However, Antoine scorned the work at first, considering it a sordid means of getting money to continue his legitimate sculpturing. Before long, he realized that this, too, was a creative art. He might as well sculpture woman's crowning glory and let others copy it in stone. He was impressed with the fact that fear of old age, which is really the harbinger of death, drives women to make themselves as beautiful as possible while they are still young. It was this which had made those first two customers accept his novelties.

This thought was in his mind at an unhappy moment when it became obvious that his mind had lost its elasticity. He could invent no more worthwhile designs. Rivals were copying his work satisfactorily and therefore he would soon be a "has-been." How was he to revive his creative ability? It was a question which he realized the creative role of death and began surrounding himself with reminders of the spectre. And once more came inspiration.

Under his fingers the hair of France's wealthiest beauties became a halo. Wives of millionaires, actresses, and all day at his offices, hoping that someone would break an appointment. After his creation of the "Shingle" which outlined for so many women so gracefully the curves of the nape of the neck, his "Eton Crop" passed into fame, so boyish, so daring, so antithetical of the past. He has had a great success each season is marked by some other innovation, all varied, all attractive and arresting. Antoine's activities in the domain of hairdressing never cease. Anyone who influences the money-spending sex, upsets the world. To their dismay milliners and dress-makers found that this "mere barber" was costing them millions. They would carefully plan hats and dresses a year in advance only to have the women refuse to buy because this "insufferable Antoine" had given them a coiffure that did not suit. Finally they came to Antoine and said: "Your le bon Dieu, please tell us what you are going to do to our customers' hair so we can suit our styles to them. Antoine obliged and now everyone is happy."

It is in the arrangements for his own funeral that Antoine's genius soars to its greatest height. In life, he surrounds himself with death, so in death he will be surrounded by sparkling models to be his pallbearers. They have agreed to be gay and sprightly and bright at his funeral, for they know tears no betray any sorrow. And, if he dies and they go through the ordeal successfully, they will be rewarded by provisions in his will.

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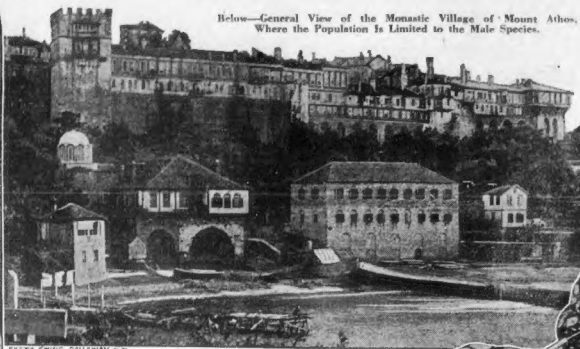
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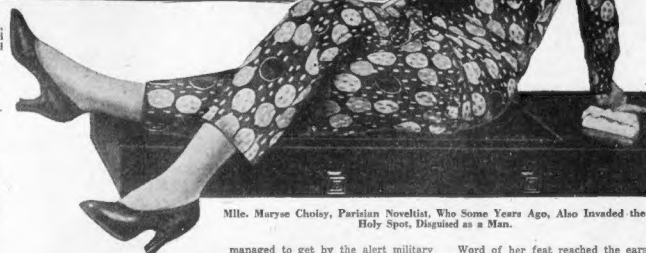
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Beauty Disgraced When She Invades Holy Spot

Below—General View of the Monastic Village of Mount Athos, Where the Population Is Limited to the Male Species.



Left—Miss Alice Diplarakos, the Greek Beauty Who Toured America a Few Years Ago, and Who Has Won "Public Anathema" By Her Invasion of Mount Athos and Its Monasteries Forbidden to Women. She Entered the Place Garbed as a Ship's Boy.



Mlle. Maryse Choisy, Parisian Novelist, Who Some Years Ago, Also Invaded the Holy Spot, Disguised as a Man.

The Woman-Hating Hermits of Mount Athos Greeted Mlle. Choisy as a Man When They Beheld Her in This Make-up. She Took to Smoking a Pipe to Aid the Illusion.

of the celebrated beauty. In his condemnation of her act he spoke bluntly of the Church's opinion of women who have the bad taste and the audacity to attempt such a thing. Miss Diplarakos was nowhere to be found at the time of the public announcement of her stunt, but it was said that she was "somewhere at sea." Whether she will attempt to defend herself against the scathing censure of the Patriarch remains to be seen after she returns to her home in Athens.

Mlle. Choisy, the other woman who managed to walk the windswept streets of the country of monasteries and to observe the daily lives of some 7,000 men who prefer to live without women, also was censured. But she laughed at the ecclesiastics who made pronouncements against her. She did more than laugh. She described the inhabitants of Athos in great detail and was frank to say that they were nothing to brag about, even if they were holy men and revered by others of their faith.

In her opinion, the monks were a rather lazy and unwashed lot who should have spent less time at their prayers and more time combing their matted beards and applying soap and water to their devout faces.

ATHENS. Greeks may still admire her beauty, but they can't forgive her deliberate and successful invasion of holy Mount Athos, the exclusive retreat of monks since the ninth century. The rights of the hooded men to live on the black promontory which is Mount Athos, free from the annoyances and temptations of women, have been respected for centuries. Hundreds of women, overcome by curiosity and the spirit of adventure, have tried to scale the steep sides of the

mountain and have a good look at the inhabitants of this Eveless Eden. But until Alice Diplarakos managed to get into the womanless country, only one other woman had achieved the difficult feat. This other woman was Mlle. Maryse Choisy, the Parisian novelist. Disguised as a man, she lived on Mount Athos for a month and got away without once being suspected. The former "Miss Europe," cleverly disguised as a ship's boy, somehow

managed to get by the alert military guards at the frontier of the land of monasteries and up to the top of the mountain. She is believed to have stayed on the mountain only a few hours because she feared that some keen-eyed monk would penetrate her disguise. But she did actually get into one of the monasteries and observed, first hand, the simple life of the bearded inmates of the place. It was not until she was safely out of the country that she confessed what she had done.

Word of her feat reached the ears of the power-that-be in the Greek Church, who sent emissaries to Mount Athos to check up on the story. These men were convinced that the beauty had gained the dubious distinction of being the second woman in history to hob-nob with the exclusive and secluded citizens of that part of the world.

A report of the affair was made to the Greek Patriarch in Istanbul, who promptly pronounced "public anathema" upon the pretty brunette head

Robot With 100 Throats

VIENNA.

DR. FRANZ HASLINGER, the eminent Austrian surgeon, has in his clinic what is said to be the most ingenious and remarkable robot ever devised for the study of throat disorders.

This robot is a life-size model of a human head with the mouth wide open. Into this opening the doctor inserts, for the instruction of medical students, 100 different rubber reproductions of throats. Each of these throats is a carefully and accurately made model showing that portion of the human anatomy affected by disease.

By use of this robot the surgeon is able to show student doctors the problems that they will be up against when they become full-fledged physicians, without waiting for actual sufferers to appear at a clinic and submit to arduous examination.

The device also enables students to concentrate on certain maladies of the tongue, the tonsils and the larynx for days at a time until they have learned their lesson thoroughly. It also makes it possible for them to study rare diseases which are seldom encountered in actual practice and which call for expert diagnosis and attention.

Doctors have travelled to this city from all over the world to see Dr. Haslinger's robot and to make a painstaking study of the removable "linings" which fit in the thing's gaping maw. These "linings," they say, are masterful reproductions of ailing throats, correct and life-like to the smallest detail.



Dr. Franz Haslinger, of Vienna, Demonstrating His Medical Dummy, Which Is Possessed of a Hundred Removable Throats, for Clinical Purposes.

Enough Hair to Bury Town

FOR almost 50 years Billy Menzer, tonsorial artist to the good people of the village of Waterloo, N. Y., has wielded the clippers and the shears, and being the sort of fellow who goes in for statistics, he has made some computations concerning the amount of hair he has cut from heads male and female, young and old.

Billy's figures, if they are correct, reveal that he has sheared and shaved enough hair to cover the entire community. He estimates that this huge volume of hair, if laid in a path a foot wide, would reach around the world, or that it would have made enough mattresses to cover all the beds in a good sized community.

During his professional career Mr. Menzer has done considerable trick work. Once he shaved a customer while he and the customer were rearing along in an airplane a thousand feet above ground. And just to demonstrate his delicate touch with the razor he once removed the whiskers from a man while both were speeding over the highway in an automobile.

So expert is the Waterloo barber at his chosen calling that he can perform a speedy and thorough job of shaving with his left hand tied behind his back and do the same thing while his eyes are blindfolded. Not long ago Billy accepted the challenge of a barber 30 years younger than himself to a haircut race and would have won the decision if the blade of his clipper hadn't broken.

No Pied Piper Needed to Drive the Rats From London's Zoo

NO intelligent and life-loving rat would think of making a nest for himself and his family in any of the buildings of the London Zoo,

because many of the furred and feathered and scaled inhabitants of that institution hold the same attitude toward rats as youngsters do toward ice cream.

Here and there about the zoo, rats do make the mistake of trying to set up housekeeping because of the food to be found

there in quantity, but they do not live long. In fact rodents are so scarce around the place that the officials of the zoo have to buy thousands of rats every year to keep inmates of the establishment healthy and contented. If the Pied Piper of Hamelin had played the role of exterminator man, he could not have done a much better job than the animals have done.

The pictures below show graphically the unhappy fate of rats and mice which happen to make the mistake of hanging around the zoo, or suffer

the misfortune of being taken there.

In the photograph at the extreme left a Black Hornbill is seen "playing" with a rodent that was tossed into the cage occupied by him and other big birds. The Hornbill, one of the most vicious of birds when aroused, gave the animal one lightning-like blow with his sharp beak and grasped the victim

in his vice-like jaws before the "meal" had time to make more than one small squeak.

The chimpanzees—the most intelligent inhabitants of the zoo—look upon rats and mice with much the same interest as a cat. Perhaps the apes are primitively cruel. They appear to be so far as rodents are concerned because

they will toy with a mouse for hours, tossing it about and cuffing it until it finally dies of fright and exhaustion.

Every snake among the hundreds of reptiles in the zoo has a yearning, now and again, to swallow a rat or a mouse whole, and the black pilot snake can't seem to get enough of the little creatures to satisfy his voracious appetite. In the picture a pilot snake is shown with a good-sized rat half way down his fanged throat.

Indeed, it seems, haven't a friend in the whole place, for even some of the crabs in the zoo have a natural antagonism for the smaller members of the rodent family. The picture below shows a Gambia land crab which has just discovered a rat in his pen and is cold-bloodedly going about the business of killing it and devouring such parts of the creature as please his taste.



A Black Hornbill, Making Short Work of a Rodent Which It Killed by Closing Its Huge Lever-Like Bill on the Helpless Creature.



The Chimpanzee Has Great Sport With a Captive Rat Before It Finally Kills It.



Rats and Mice Are the Choice Food of the Black Pilot Snake, Which Goes Into a Swift Dose After It Has Swallowed One of the Little Animals Whole.



Even the Gambia Land Crab Joins the Rat Hunt in the Zoo, and When It Has Captured the Quarry, Strangles It With a Clip of Its Powerful, Lobster-Like Claws.

Mistakes That Have Changed the History of the World

America's Discovery Due to the Miscalculation of an Ancient Geographer; French Revolution Successful Because a King Looked Out a Carriage Window at the Wrong (For Him) Time; and Other Errors Which Have Altered Civilization

TWO thousand years ago a Greek geographer made two mistakes in computing the size of the earth. A few centuries later someone discovered one of the mistakes and corrected it, but missed the other one.

That is why Columbus discovered America.

So says Professor Demetrios Eginis, of Athens, in a recent report to the French Academy of Sciences on one of the curious mistakes, of which there are many, which have changed the progress of mankind and the history of the world.

How the mistakes of the ancient geographers influenced Columbus was through misleading him about the size of the ocean that he had to cross. According to the real size of the earth, this ocean was thousands of miles wide, especially when one remembers that Columbus thought that he was sailing around the earth to India and was entirely ignorant that an unknown continent lay between.

There would have been no room for the continent, indeed, had Columbus been right about the small size which he imagined the earth to have. If he had known the truth, Professor Eginis points out, it is extremely unlikely that he would have dared the trip.

The whole story began with the great Greek and Egyptian philosopher and astronomer, Eratosthenes, who was for years the chief librarian of the famous library at Alexandria about two centuries before Christ. Eratosthenes decided that the earth must be round, instead of flat, and measured the size of it by observing the apparent height of the sun at noon at two towns in Egypt. The earth circumference which Eratosthenes obtained was 25,200 Greek stadia, a unit equaling nearly one-tenth of a modern mile. Reduced to miles, Eratosthenes' figure was 24,500, astonishingly accurate for his time, for the real circumference of the earth now is known to be approximately 24,850 miles.

A century or so later another geographer named Ptolemy repeated the measurement by Eratosthenes but made two mistakes in doing it, one the distance between the two places that he was measuring and another in their distance from the same north-and-south line. These two mistakes happened almost to balance about the same result as the earlier one of Eratosthenes.

Some later geographer, Professor Eginis does not know who he was, discovered one of the two mistakes made by Ptolemy and corrected it. He did not find the other mistake. The result was that the one correction made the final measurement badly wrong so that the earth was imagined to be about a quarter smaller than it is. This smaller value then was copied into the famous geography of Ptolemy, which was used down to the time of Columbus. By this remarkable chapter of mistakes the correct size of the earth, determined centuries before by Eratosthenes, was forgotten and the wrong value, a quarter smaller than the truth, was believed by everybody for more than a thousand years, including Columbus.

Another historical mistake that had enormous influence on the history of America was made when the English, in colonial days, built up the present site of New York City from the Hollanders, or, rather, when they traded a small and useless colony in South America for what was destined to be the metropolis of the world.

The original discoveries and settlements at the site of New York City were made by the Dutch and a considerable colony was built up by them, largely for trading with the Indians and with the colonists of other European nations. The war, then raging in Europe, gradually involved more and more seriously the Dutch colony in Manhattan. Finally, on the occasion of one of the peace treaties with the English, the Dutch proposed that they trade their Hudson River colony to the English for what is now Dutch Guiana, on the north coast of South America. The South American colony possessed

some sugar plantations worth, perhaps, a few hundred thousand dollars. These seemed much more valuable to the Dutch merchants than any possibilities around New York. That was their mistake, and was the reason why New York became English.

Another famous mistake in American history probably resulted in the victory of George Washington in the Revolutionary War, and made the United States independent instead of being still a British colony like Canada. It was made by Sir William Howe, British commander on Long Island, or possibly by some one in London who should have notified General Howe of what it was proposed to do.

In the summer of 1777 things were not going very well with the American armies under General Washington. Both supplies and troops were scarce and the power of the revolted colonies was weak. The British military authorities decided to make two concerted drives against General Washington's forces: the southern drive was made under General Burgoyne and another northward from Long Island under the General Howe. Military critics agree that there is little doubt that this double movement would have crushed Washington's armies and would have ended the revolution in favor of Great Britain.

Nevertheless, the British campaign failed—because somebody made a mistake. General Howe did not make the expected northward movement. General Burgoyne advanced, southward alone, was defeated at the battle of Saratoga, and the revolution was won for the United States.

A mistake of doctors that perhaps changed the world for centuries was when the Greek and Babylonian physicians let Alexander the Great die in Babylon, probably because they did not recognize the effects of desert water on a person not accustomed to drinking it.

Alexander is said to have died of a fever, following the banquet and drinking parties in which he and his officers indulged after their Greek army had conquered Babylon. The symptoms which the historians describe grow with the familiar fallacy error of Death Valley and other desert coun-

tries, caused by drinking a water which contains too large amounts of natural salts usually called "alkali." Such waters are common in all desert regions, including present-day Mesopotamia, and their bad effects are easily overcome. But the Babylonian doctors and those that accompanied the Greek army let Alexander die at Babylon while still in his thirties. The partition of Alexander's empire was a powerful influence in the collapse of Greek culture and the gradual rise of Rome. The whole subsequent history of the world might have been very different had the doctors let him live for another twenty or thirty years.

Another American mistake that might have had most far-reaching consequences, even to the prevention of the Civil War, was made by a British ship's captain who is reported to have entered San Francisco Bay in 1790, discovered the California gold, refused to believe the evidence of his own eyes and sailed away, leaving the gold untouched and unexplored by anyone else until the famous re-discovery in 1840. Had he been surer of his eyes the great California gold fields would have been opened sixty years earlier. California would have been settled and opened up as a Spanish colony, a century would have been furnished fifty years earlier for the excessive sales and excess energy of the South-western states, the Civil War averted and the entire history of the continent might have been changed.

One tiny mistake that had enormous

The "Dying Alexander"—From the Historic Hunt at Florence, Italy. Alexander Might Have Lived a Long Life and the Whole Course of Ancient Civilization Been Changed Had It Not Been For the Mistake of His Doctors.



effects on the whole history of Europe and probably of the world was when a king looked out of a carriage window just at the wrong time. In the summer of 1791 the first stage of the French Revolution was in progress in Paris. Louis XVI was still King of France, at least in name, and was confined with his family in a palace in Paris, under the orders of the revolutionary committee. He and the Queen decided to flee to certain regiments of the army which still were loyal to the monarchy and which would have supported the royalist cause or would have aided the King to escape to some friendly foreign country from which steps might have been taken for the defeat of the revolution and a restoration of the monarchy.

All preparations were made skillfully and secretly. The King and Queen were smuggled into a closed

carriage and the drive for the frontier and the loyal regiments begun. Not an agent of the revolution, not a guard at the palace suspected that the royal captives were not safe in bed, as they were supposed to be. Everything went well for the King's escape, in fact, until the carriage reached a small post station a few miles from the palace, where the King was to leave, leaving loyalist regiments. Here there was a brief delay and the King made the mistake which cost him his throne and his life. He lifted the closely drawn curtain of his carriage and looked out for an instant, to see what was delaying the change of horses.

He luck would have it, he was seen and recognized by a young man named Drouot, son of the official in charge of the local post station. That was the first inkling that anybody had that the King was not in Paris. The King and Queen were sent back to Paris, where,

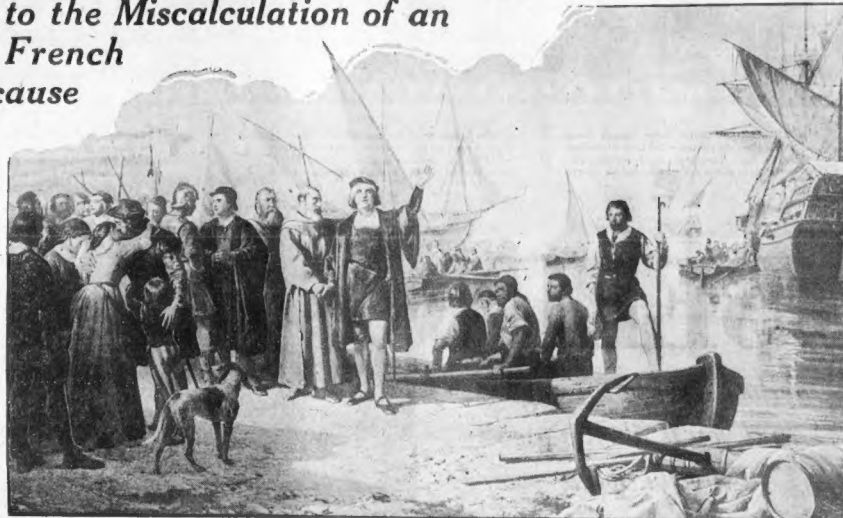
not long afterward, both of them died on the guillotine. Thus, by the King's careless blunder, the whole course of French history was changed, with no one knows how many influences on the history of the rest of the world.

Another mistake that altered human history perhaps as much as any that ever happened still constitutes one of the great historical mysteries. It was Cleopatra's desertion of Mark Antony at the battle of Actium, thus turning the tide of battle and making Rome the master of the world, the leader of civilization and the controlling influence in modern culture.

In the year 31 B. C. an intense rivalry was on between Mark Antony and Octavian, afterward the Emperor Augustus of Rome. Antony was living in Egypt, with the beautiful but dangerous Queen Cleopatra. His dream was to recreate the vanished world empire of Egypt and to seal himself and Cleopatra on its throne. Octavian ruled at Rome and dreamed, similarly, of the world-wide Roman Empire which he afterward was to found and rule for a long lifetime.

Finally, on September 2, 31 B. C., the fleets of the two rivals met near the small town of Actium on the Mediterranean seacoast. For an hour the battle was in doubt. Then Cleopatra, with sixty Egyptian warships, suddenly left the fight, turned and fled toward Egypt. Antony himself, in a swift galley, also left and followed Cleopatra, leaving his fleet and land forces to be overwhelmed by Octavian, who thereafter was undisputed master of the world. What mistake did Cleopatra make that caused her to desert the station a few miles from the palace, where the King was to leave, leaving loyalist regiments. Here there was a brief delay and the King made the mistake which cost him his throne and his life. He lifted the closely drawn curtain of his carriage and looked out for an instant, to see what was delaying the change of horses.

So it is that what seem to be purely chance blunders, a mathematical mistake about the size of the earth, the failure of a ship's captain to believe his own eyes when they saw gold, the preference of Dutch merchants for a few poor sugar plantations instead of the site of the world's greatest city, the whim of a Queen, seem to be as effective in swaying the course of history as the most careful planning of the world's greatest statesmen or con-



Columbus Setting Forth on His "Voyage for India," During Which He Discovered the New World, and Which He Would Probably Never Have Undertaken Had He Not Believed the Earth to Be a Quarter Smaller Than It Is. From Painting by R. Balan.



Louis XVI and His Family Watching Revolutionary Mob From the Windows of the Palace at Versailles, and but for His Mistake in Peeping Out of a Carriage Window, Thus Causing His Recapture, the French Revolution Might Have Been Unsuccessful.



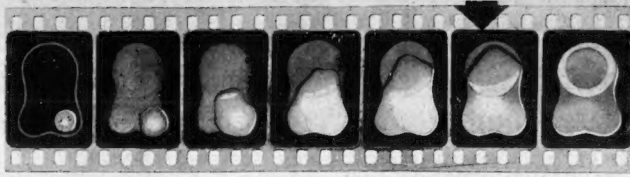
The Discovery of Gold in California in 1849.—But the Gold Was First Found in 1790 by an English Captain Who Was "Too Smart" to Follow Up His Discovery.—And the Whole History of the West Would Have Been Different If He Had Done So.

Status of "The Death of Cleopatra" in the Louvre, Paris. The Egyptian Queen's Error in Running Aboard at the Battle of Actium Gave Rome Mastery of the World.



ORDINARY GASOLINE burns unevenly, incompletely. Follow the pictures above from left to right. First, the spark. Then, in the next four pictures, the flame spreads across the cylinder. Notice the pro-

gressive formation of "carbon yellow"—caused by glowing particles of free carbon. In the sixth picture—BANG! All remaining gasoline explodes. That is knock. The last picture shows only afterglow, waste.



ETHYL GASOLINE burns evenly, completely. Follow the smooth spread of power right from the spark in the first picture—clear through to the end of combustion. There is no knock—no unevenness—

no "carbon yellow"; instead—a clean blue flame. This means that more of Ethyl Gasoline's power is delivered to the piston and less heat is left to pass out through exhaust valves, or into the cooling water.

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*One look inside an engine
and you'll always use
Ethyl Gasoline*

WHAT happens INSIDE an automobile engine is no longer a secret. Detroit engineers put a quartz window in the cylinder head of a modern motor—and through it watched ordinary gasoline and Ethyl Gasoline at work.

They even made movie histories of each single explosion; seven pictures in less than 1/100th of a second.

Above at the left, you can see how regular gasoline explodes—causing harmful knock, loss of power, overheating, engine wear-and-tear and "carbon yellow."

Above at the right you can see the even, controlled power of good gasoline plus Ethyl fluid, which is Ethyl Gasoline. Follow the action shown in each strip of pictures. Below, one picture from each strip is shown larger, so you can study the tremendous difference you would actually see if you were looking through the quartz window yourself.

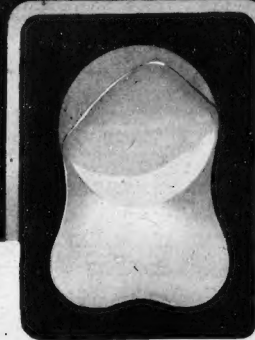
COMPARE—and you will understand why Ethyl will make your car run so much better that it will actually save dollars on upkeep, repairs, and trade-in value. You will understand how Ethyl puts new life in older cars. You will understand why in these days when a penny is a penny millions are buying Ethyl for real economy's sake.

Stop at the Ethyl pump—fill up your tank with Ethyl Gasoline and feel the difference you see in the pictures on this page. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York City.



Ethyl fluid contains lead. © R. C. C. 1933

AT RIGHT: Ordinary gasoline at the instant of knock. Partially burned gases explode violently—wasting power. Incomplete combustion leaves particles of free carbon which show as "carbon yellow."



AT LEFT: Ethyl Gasoline does not knock. Its greater power is delivered smoothly—with less waste heat and less strain on the engine. Notice the complete combustion—the absence of "carbon yellow" color.

Buy ETHYL GASOLINE

52-Year-Old Rev. Berrie's Unlucky Search for Youth

Dyed His Whitening Hair, Wrote Schoolboy Poetry When He Should Have Been Preparing Sermons on the Life Beyond the Grave, Wooed His 19-Year-Old Sunday School Teacher—But, Alas, He Is in a Cell Accused of Poisoning His Elderly Wife, and Even Hair-Dye Forbidden Him



The Little Cumberland Presbyterian Church in Tulsa, Oklahoma, where Rev. Berrie preached.

"THE minister got into this mess because he couldn't bear to see himself growing old." Such was the unofficial comment of a detective as he turned in his report covering the past five years' career of the Rev. Stephen A. Berrie, 52, of Tulsa, the Presbyterian minister and writer of popular hymns is certainly "in a mess," having been taken from his pulpit in Muskogee, Oklahoma, to jail, charged with the murder of his wife that he might marry his attractive 19-year-old Sunday School teacher.

Everybody hates old age and nobody minds very much when aging women dye their hair, have their faces lifted, wear girl's clothes and generally strive to make people think they are ten or fifteen years younger than they are.

Men also hate old age and, though not supposed to resort to such little deceptions, many do, with no more serious results than to be laughed at behind their backs as "kittenish old grandpas."

Is a minister of the gospel an exception? If masculine, yes; if feminine, apparently not, because the celebrated evangelist, Aimee McPherson, had her hair dyed and face lifted without much complaint from her flock.

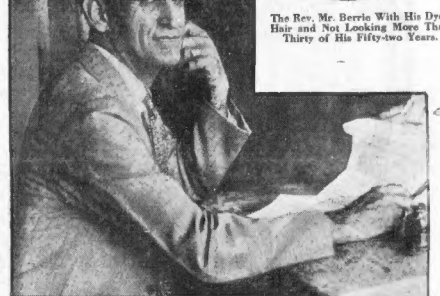
Nevertheless public opinion demands that its pastors look and act their age and the Rev. Mr. Berrie's sad predicament would indicate that it is right.

Rev. Mr. Berrie is 52 years old. In his youth he had been a vigorous man, overflowing with vitality, with which went a certain magnetism that never failed to attract the opposite sex. As women form the majority of most modern congregations, such a power of attraction is a valuable asset to their spiritual leader.

Several years ago the inevitable happened to the Rev. Mr. Berrie. Though he was feeling "just as young as he used to be," his hair turned grey, and he had the unpleasant knowledge that to the bright-eyed young women of his flock he was becoming an old man, his power over them was slipping.



The Rev. Mr. Berrie With His Dyed Hair and Not Looking More Than Thirty of His Fifty-two Years.



The Rev. Mr. Berrie in Prison With Hair Dye Denied Him and His Hair Perceptibly Whitening at the Temples as the Old Dye Fades Away.

But that was not all. There came a deep psychological effect with hair-dyeing. He now looked much younger than he actually was, and therefore had to set that way. He must forevermore act a part and that is serious. An actor to be convincing must have the right scenery and atmosphere about him and some that surrounded this reverend actor was not right. The most annoying misfit was his own wife, Fannie, only a year younger than himself, a semi-invalid, suffering from headaches and nervous afflictions which caused her, in spite of all she could do, to look much older than she actually was.

After nearly 27 years of married life, Mrs. Berrie naturally knew her husband's right age, did not approve of his pretence that he was much younger and was none too careful about letting slip embarrassing remarks on occasions which made good people wonder. These things caused the necessity of keeping young to become an obsession. By the time he had reached Muskogee it was a dominating motive in his life and the main obstacle was his aging and none-too-sympathetic wife.

At Muskogee came into the minister's life Miss Ida Bea Bright, bright in name, in eyes and in mind, for she was the star mathematics pupil of the junior college. Not yet 19, she was a Sunday School teacher, proudly anxious to help the cause of religion in general and her pastor in particular. Ida had



Night After Night, When Mrs. Berrie Peeped Into the Rev. Mr. Berrie's Study, She Saw Him in the Throes of Composition—But, So It Is Said, Often They Were Not Sermons Upon Which He Was Working, as He Tenderly Thought, but Ardent Love Verses Which He Read to His Youthful Sunday School Teacher.



The Rev. Mr. Berrie With His Dyed Hair and Not Looking More Than Thirty of His Fifty-two Years.



The Present Mrs. Berrie, Formerly Sunday School Teacher Ida Bea Bright, Whom the Rev. Mr. Berrie Married After the Mysterious Death of His First Wife and Who Revealed the Minister's Love Poems After His Arrest.

studied stenography and soon found a way to further help her spiritual leader as part-time secretary, taking down his sermons in shorthand as he dictated them in his study and neatly typing them for him.

Mrs. Berrie had no objection to this saving of her husband's time, but the girl also had bright ideas and furnished the minister with inspirations. When he mentioned that fact to his wife he was astonished to find that she did not like it.

Yet, he need not have been. Few wives over fifty will complacently allow their husbands to draw inspiration from a pretty girl in her teens if they can prevent it.

There were stormy scenes in the rectory during which the minister's wife did some vigorous "preaching" to her husband. Finally, the Rev. Mr. Berrie's inspiration was forbidden ever to darken the doors of the rectory again.

Ida obeyed but he met her elsewhere. At the indictment proceedings there was evidence of rendezvous in various restaurants. The proprietor of one of these stated that the minister and his Sunday School teacher had been regular customers until one day replaced them with tables visible from all parts of the dining room. The pastor and his little friend took one disgusted look at this improvement and walked out, never to return, he said.

The Rev. Berrie denies that anything not purely platonic ever happened until after they were married. A stenographic report was read to him of the questions and his answers at the time he was first questioned about his wife's death. These seemed to contradict the platonic idea, but he brushed them aside, stating that he had seen no stenographer present, and, anyway, could not have said anything like that.

An alleged confession by the bride of intimate relations before the death of the first Mrs. Berrie probably cannot be used against him at the trial, because a wife cannot be forced to testify against her husband. However, the prosecution can use some passionate poems which Ida told the police they would find hidden behind certain books in the minister's library. These, said to be in the minister's handwriting, the same hand that wrote many hymns for two popular Presbyterian hymn books, "Glory's Dawning" and "Celestial Songs," are no more platonic than they are religious.

The minister used to write them in his study when his wife thought he was agonizing over a forthcoming sermon.

Here are excerpts from a few:

From "Hark, Hark, the Lark," title previously used by the late Mr. William Shakespeare:

"My ravine heart, my darling,
Only your love can pacify.
There's naught that the world can offer
For you all else I pass by.

From "Alone in the Dark":

Darling, I love you more dearly each moment,
It's you I truly adore,
The queen of my life enthroned forever—
To be mine forevermore."

From "Who Cares?":

I do not care what the world may say
If your love for me is true;
I do not mind the toils of the day
If I know at the dusk I'll see you.

Will you wait these days to welcome me
As I come to you to rest—
And whisper low "Dear heart I know
That I love you; I love you best!"

Another verse, also said to be in Berrie's handwriting, reads:

"Could I just hold you in my embrace
And kiss your rosy lips,
And look into your baby face
And like the bee that honey sips
The joys that life doth give,
To me no other one can be,
For you alone I live,
Oh, why can't we be free?"

The police say that Ida told them

that the liveliest one of all had been burned. Its theme was:

"Something has got to happen soon or I'll go crazy."

The Rev. Mr. Berrie did not go crazy and the police think that several things happened, most important of which was the removal to the next world of Mrs. Berrie, the obstacle which prevented the minister from marrying his inspiration and being happy in this one.

For her raging headaches, which came on without warning, Mrs. Berrie always kept with her a box of capsules, one of which she swallowed at the first symptom. On Sunday, March 20, just before going to church, not her husband's, but another one, she felt a headache coming on, opened the box, found just one capsule therein and took it. During the service she was taken with convulsions and carried in an ambulance to her home, where next morning she died. Dr. W. W. Osgood, after some doubts, issued a certificate of death from Bright's disease.

The life insurance company paid without question her thousand-dollar policy to the widow. With it he bought a new car in which he and Ida were seen dashing about the country. There was some whispering about this and more when, 57 days after the funeral, the minister married his inspiration.

Still nothing happened until August, when news of the marriage reached the suspicious ears of the dead woman's sister, Mrs. A. C. Trotter, of Sentinel, Oklahoma. That lady promptly crossed the State and investigated. As a result, Philip Oldham, County Attorney, ordered the body exhumed and a chemical analysis made which revealed evidence of strychnine poisoning.

The happy couple were clapped into jail, the police charging that the Rev. Mr. Berrie had filled one of his wife's headache capsules with strychnine to murder her. The bride was soon released.

On the witness stand Dr. Osgood admitted that the death might have been caused by strychnine poisoning in spite of his former diagnosis. He was followed on the stand by two other physicians, one of whom admitted that he had suspected strychnine poisoning and had urged her removal to a hospital where he could make thorough tests.

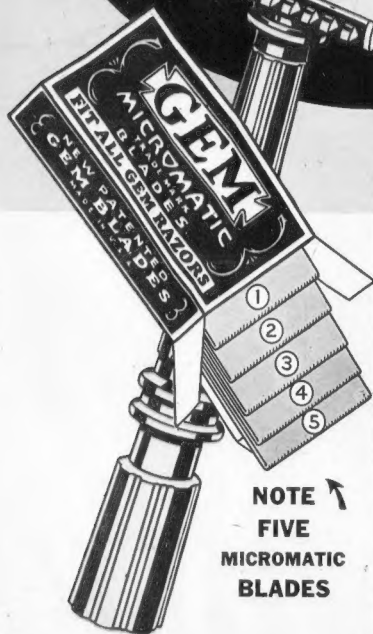
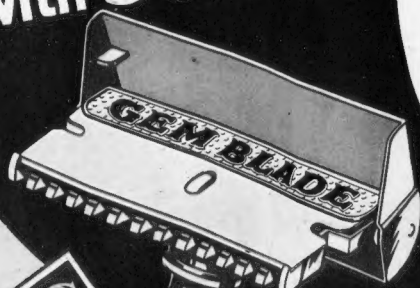
When both the woman and her husband had refused, his withdrawal from the case was a surprise to the police. Specimens of poisoning in the home of a reputable Presbyterian minister.

Dr. G. H. Haff, who from years as county health officer had had more experience with poison and suicide cases than any other Muskogee practitioner, told the grand jury that he had suspected poisoning, but because of his activities in a church considered antagonistic to the Presbyterians, he had feared he would be misunderstood if he made such a diagnosis and that he had better clear the way for another doctor.

Dr. Haff joined his father in vigorously denying that there were any suspicious circumstances connected with the death and many of his flock are confident that their minister will clear himself at the murder trial in the Fall. Meanwhile, behind prison bars the Rev. Mr. Berrie has written a new hymn, "In the City of Unsettled Sun," and is working on a long poem about himself entitled, "A Victim of Circumstances." He said he said to heart him most is that Sheriff Oldham has refused to allow any of the baby's in the cell and that Rev. Mr. Berrie's locks are fading into white.

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An American Art Gallery 2,000 Years Old

Remarkable Mural Paintings and Sculptures
Found by the Carnegie Institution in
a Ruined City of the
Ancient Mayas With
Portraits of Their
Sorcerers and Priests,
Kings, Warriors
and Plain
Citizens and
Their
Curious
Rites
and
Customs



A Typical "Toltec" Warrior, a Painting in the Temple of the Chac Mool, Chichen Itza.

A Sorcerer-Priest From the Ancient Picture Gallery in the Temple of the Warriors, Chichen Itza.

CHICHEN ITZA, a deserted great city of the ancient Mayas in Yucatan, has revealed many strange customs of the "lost race," but nothing more remarkable than the examples of early American art found by scientists of the Carnegie Institution in their recent excavations. Previous archeological work has made familiar the first discovered pyramids and temples, as well as the canals or pools in which the most beautiful maidens were thrown as sacrifices to the gods.

The Carnegie Institution has just published two volumes on the exploration and restoration of the Pyramid of the Warriors, which includes the Temple of the Warriors and the Temple of the Chac Mool. Among the discoveries were many colored frescoes, bas-reliefs and sculptures which are regarded as among the finest examples of primitive American art.

These paintings and carvings show that the Mayas of the First Empire had well-developed sense of humor, some of the drawings bearing a striking resemblance to the work of the comic artists of today. Another queer coincidence is the likeness of the twenty-century old figures of kings, priests and warriors to the faces on our modern playing cards, which have been traced back to medieval Germany.

Under the Temple of the Warriors, the main part of the Pyramid, was found the Temple of the Chac Mool, a much smaller edifice but much better preserved from the weather, as it is entirely underground and the openings have been tightly sealed for centuries.

This temple were found polychrome frescoes, paintings and statues almost in the state of perfection in which they were left when the City of Chichen Itza was inexplicably abandoned about 1448, more than half a century before the arrival of the Spaniards.

The Pyramid of the Warriors was erected on a steep hill jutting north from the west end of the North Range of the Group of the Thousand



Part of a Painted Strip in the Temple of the Warriors Showing One of the Death Gods Holding a Human Head Suspended by Its Hair and Conjoining With an Eagle, and Both of Them Apparently Highly Pleased With Whatever is Going On.

did not know the use of the wheel in transportation.

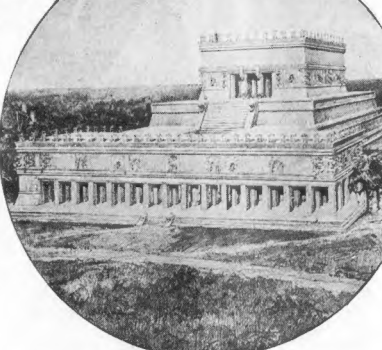
The Pyramid of the Warriors includes the Temple of the Warriors, the Temple of the Chac Mool and the Temple of the Atlanteans. The Chac Mool Temple, as previously mentioned, is entirely underground. Its existence was not learned by modern excavators until a few years ago, when one of the portals was accidentally discovered. In front of this portal had been noted the strange figure of the Chac Mool, but so many strange stone statues were strewn around that no great attention was paid to this particular one. Just what the Chac Mool represented is not known, but it probably was some lord of the "underworld."

This figure of the Chac Mool somewhat resembles a man sitting in a bathtub, without the tub. The knees are raised and the head held upright, but looking sideways as if disturbed at his ablutions. The expression on his face is grim and far from pleasant. The hands grasp opposite sides of an unknown device held horizontally upon the abdomen. Perhaps a huge, primitive cake of soap, or a bath sponge.

Here the similarity to a man in a tub ends. The figure wears sandals with two cords running down over the instep from an ankle band, one cord passing between the big and second toes, the other between the third and fourth. A broad cord, composed of five bands, reaches from the wrist nearly to the elbow. A sort of double bird-wing shield covers the breast.

Inside the temple which this bizarre figure guarded, were found some of the best preserved paintings, "frescos" and statues of the entire Warriors' Pyramid. Typical were the figures of the warriors, priests, sorcerers, etc., that so much resemble the kings and lords of modern playing cards.

One of the strangest of these figures, which occurs over and over again, is that of a Toltec warrior, one of the invaders who first routed, then joined the original Maya inhabitants. One of these warriors, shown on this page, wears a blue, cylindrical cap as a foundation for variously colored ornamentation. A blue bird, so realistic as to suggest modern taxidermy, is fastened to the front, and the brim of the cap is further gar-



The Carnegie Institution's Reconstruction of the Temple of the Warriors in Which One of the Ancient Art Galleries Was Discovered.

nished with a small upright white penon. A round carapax is attached to the cap. A blue pendant bead served as a nose-plug, an almost invariable adjunct of the early Maya figures. Yellow hair fell in long strands from under the cap. Overlapping strands of blue beads formed the necklaces, which all Mayas generally were regardless of sex.

The major garment of this warrior consisted of a short white tunic, or loin cloth, with front and rear flaps. This was bound at the wrist by a three-ply textile belt, knotted in front and composed of two red border stripes with a white one between. On the back of it was fastened the blue "back-shield," which was one of the most invariable items of the Maya uniform.

The costume was completed by wrist and ankle ornaments of white feathers and by white sandals. An even more elaborately dressed figure in the Chac Mool Temple is that of a priest, which often occurs. The one illustrated here is holding a bowl filled with yellow, cone-like objects, presumably incense. His skin is painted yellow, and the hair falls loosely on the shoulders with square-cut ends reminiscent of the feminine "Dutch

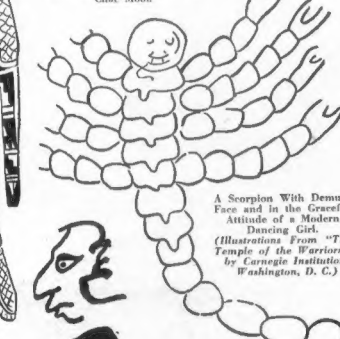
bob" of a few years ago. A great broad-brimmed hat, hung with short blue drapery and supporting an enormous green bulb in which is rooted a tuft of flowing plumes, is worn on the head. The nose-plug has crimson tips and the car-disk is round and green with a long green stem.

The priest's costume is even more elaborate. The body is completely covered from neck to feet with a long, reddish, sleeveless robe, sewn with large green beads below the waist, where it is girdled with green mosaic plaques fringed with white beads. As the fashion page writers would say, the garment fits the upper body tightly, but is fairly full in the skirt. The skirt is fringed at the hem with green and yellow material and the feet are clad in green sandals. Wrist ornaments are constructed of three green plaques. The shoulders are covered with a cape of green mosaic, banded with pink, from which hang white beads. A number of green and white feathers round out the costume. The Maya priests were nothing if not colorful.

Just as no one knows just exactly what the Chac Mool represents, another strange undefined character appears in the Chac Mool Temple. He



A Maya Priest of 2,000 Years Ago, From the Temple of the Chac Mool.



A Scorpion With Demure Face and in the Graceful Attitude of a Modern Dancing Girl. (Illustrations From "The Temple of the Warriors," by Carnegie Institution, Washington, D. C.)

is generally referred to by investigators as "the old man with bones." He was probably some sort of god-impersonator, or lesser deity, or perhaps some half-caste priest who claimed divine power. Anyway, he was evidently of great age, as shown by his wrinkled stomach and bony knees. But the most striking feature is the bone which he wears hung around the neck upon a cord.

This appears to be the femur, or upper leg bone, of some animal, perhaps even of a human being, with the joint parts carefully and precisely drawn. A similar bone appears in the old character's hat and he holds in his left hand a

figure, too, bears more resemblance to the jack in a deck of playing cards. In the Temple of the Warriors proper appears a composite figure called a sorcerer-priest because it has the characteristics of both. What part the original played in Maya life can only be conjectured. It may represent the transition of sorcerer to priest, or the degeneracy of priest to sorcerer.

As may be seen from the reproduction on this page, the mystery is further heightened by the artist's use of dotted lines instead of sharp strokes. This may denote some connection with the realm of shadow, some unsubstantial quality on the part of the sorcerer-priest, some sinister activity—or perhaps the artist was interrupted and never finished his model.

Birds and animals abound in the murals, bas-reliefs and statues found in the Temple of the Warriors and adjacent buildings. One of the most striking murals shows a curious scene in which one of the numerous death gods is holding out a human head, supported by its hair, to a huge eagle who finds something uproariously humorous in the situation. The death god himself has a pleased look on his face and it is evident that the situation is highly amusing to both.

The scorpion is a common figure in the temples. Its agonizing sting appealed to the war-like races of early America. But the scorpion from the Temple of the Warriors on this page has far from a hostile or fatal appearance. It has a silly look on its face, which is distinctly human, as the human face would be depicted by a very young artist. But the artist that made the scorpion was not an amateur. That foolish face was placed there for a purpose. Probably the stinging apparatus was omitted for a purpose, too. Exact anatomical delineations show that the artist knew his business.

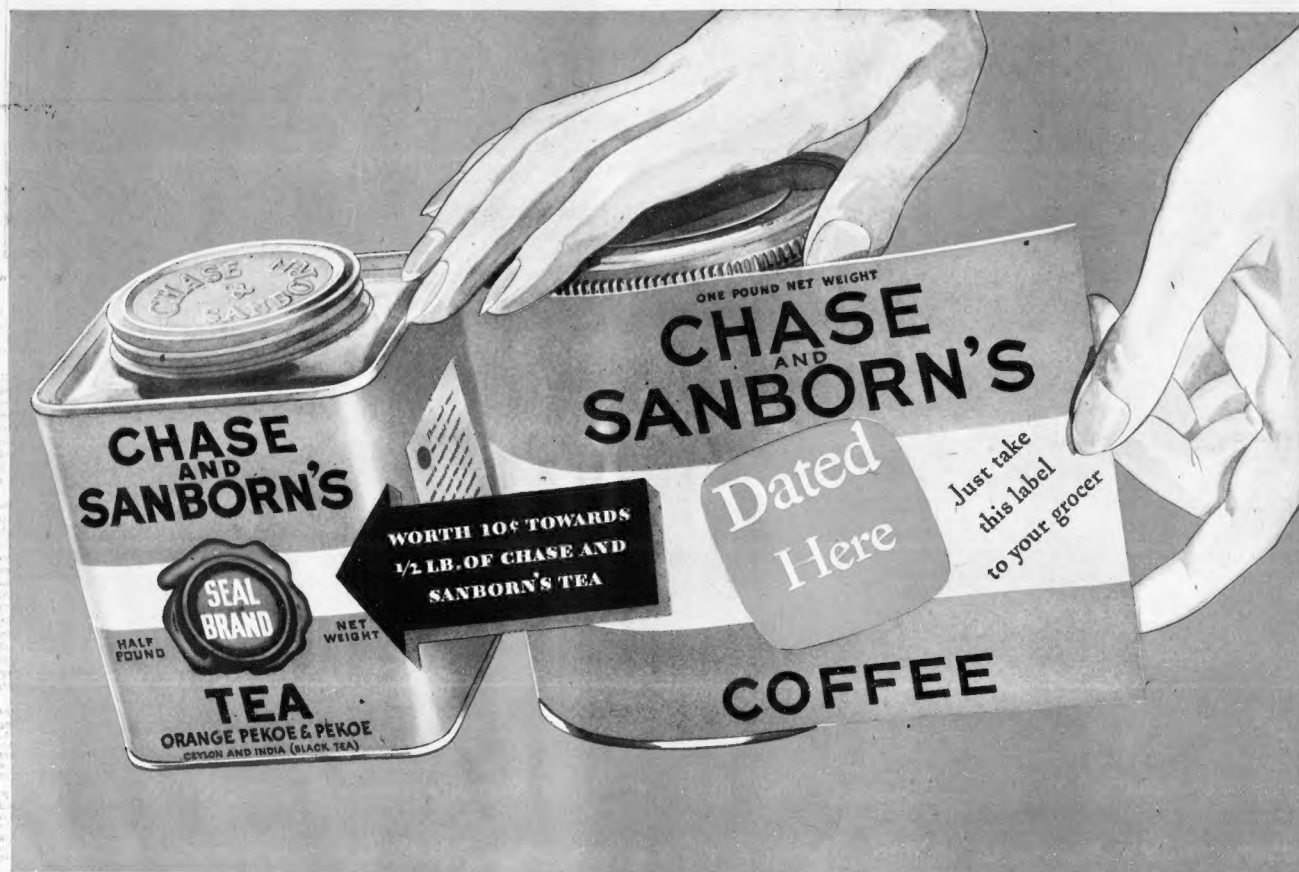
Another human-faced figure represents a four-legged crab. Now every school child knows that a crab has eight legs, but for some reason the Maya artists almost invariably leaped off four legs in their reproductions. The crab, shown on this page, has a look about as silly as his wall mate, the scorpion just described. He is cockeyed and his brow wrinkled with care, yet two dimples appear in his cheeks and his mouth is open either in distress or mirth. It is hard to tell which. That the artist knew his crab, however, is proved by the correctly segmented legs and true structural peculiarities shown in reproductions of the neighboring crab pictures.

Rabbits, fish, snakes and even trees and flowers are likewise caricatured and for what reason, no one has been able to figure out.

When the artists tired of poking fun at the birds, beasts and crustaceans, they did not turn to human figures, but to human heads and faces. Whole rows of distorted heads and faces look almost exactly like a modern comic artist's characters in his comic strips. Warriors, priests, slaves, captives—all are pictured with exaggerated features and impossible expressions.

These are literally the first of American art galleries—2,000 years old.

Bargain all this week!



Every label on Chase & Sanborn's Dated Coffee is worth 10¢ towards the purchase of ½ lb. of Chase & Sanborn's Tea

HERE'S A BARGAIN you'll jump at!

Every label on Chase & Sanborn's Dated Coffee bought this week is just as good as money to you!... worth 10¢ towards the purchase of ½ lb. of Chase & Sanborn's Tea.

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your grocer and he will give you ½ lb. of Chase & Sanborn's Tea for 10 cents less than the regular price!

This special combination offer expires Saturday, October 1, 1932, and is void wherever this form of merchandising is prohibited by law.

Chase & Sanborn's Tea is highest quality—deliciously fragrant. Nothing but the tenderest leaves go into this mellow-tasting tea. If

you're not already a regular user of Chase & Sanborn's Tea, this ½ lb. will win you.

That's why we're making this special offer. We want you to be as enthusiastic over Chase & Sanborn's Tender-Leaf Tea as you are over Chase & Sanborn's Dated Coffee.

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10-Cents-a-Round "Taxi-Dancers" a New Social Problem

The University of Chicago Publishes the Interesting Results of an Investigation Into the Lives of Young Women Who Make From \$30 to \$40 a Week by Placing Themselves in the Arms of Any Man Who Can Buy a Ticket for a Dance With Them

A TAXI-DANCER is a young woman who, for ten cents, will dance a waltz or a foxtrot with any man who presents himself.

Until very recently the general public was unaware of this new creature which has evolved from the form ally introduced ladies who danced the stately minuet with grandfather, on one side, and those unpeppery hostesses who infested the saloons of the "Forty-niners," on the other.

Yet already throughout the country there are so many thousands of them, earning \$30 to \$40 a week in this way, that the taxi-dancer has become one of the most serious moral and social problems of the time.

In every sizable city of the United States can be seen signs reading something like this: "Dancing School—Dancing Tonight—Beautiful Lady Instructress." Of course, there are serious-minded, bonafide academies where dancing is really taught, but never in these "schools," as an occasional student of the dance school.

Here the customers find homes in a tenement, a shabby office building in a congested neighborhood. On the windows appear signs of couples revolving past. It looks and sounds as if the dance school is in the house, and the taxi-dancer is the instructor.

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Social workers call these places "dance halls"—that is, closed to women. What the exclusiveness becomes, generally known among women whose husbands, sweethearts, brothers and sons are customers, the respectable womanhood of America may have something to say on the subject.

Except in a few "high hat" places, male specimens of Chinese, Filipinos, natives of India and most every other race are admitted, except the negro, and he also has his taxi-dance hall, which come under "black and tan joints." No matter what his clothing may be, whether he is blind-eyed Mongolian or a police-marked Mexican who can't speak English or a repulsive-looking creole—so long as he has a ten-cent ticket in his hand, the prettiest girl in the crowd must accept him as a partner if he presents himself.

In a night club there are many tables and a ridiculously cramped space for dancing. Seats along the sides are full of the motley crowd of customers, staring with fixed concentration at the music stops as abruptly as if the musicians had been shot.

The usual procedure of taxi-dancing is never heard in these "schools," because everyone is too busy with something else. A number of active men dash into the crowd from all directions and commence snatching at the "nickel-hoppers," as the girls are also called because half of the ten cents goes to the lady herself. These grasping gentlemen represent the massage men who pay for the rent, lights, musicians, police "protection," etc. It



A Group of "Taxi-Dancers" Arrested in Chicago Because the Police Thought Their Costumes Just a Little Too Scanty. The Hall in Which They Worked Had Advertised, "A Night in Turkey," as a Special Attraction, and This Trip Was the "Nickel-Hoppers' Idea of How Turkish Ladies Dress."



Peggy Price, New York "Taxi-Dancer," Who Married a Yale Student and Social Registerite, but His Wealthy Parents Promptly Cut Him Off.



Romaine Fleming, Another "Nickel-Hopper," With Her Millionaire's Son Husband, Allan Carlisle. The Young Couple Are on Probation From His Parents.

The girls make more, too, and have better opportunities to "date" their customers. A dancing floor apparatus, which may be midnight or much later according to the local city ordinances and the strictness with which they are enforced, the length of the dances is decreased imperceptibly until sometimes it gets to be a fraction of a minute per dance. Even without this whittling down, a man gets only about 15 minutes of dancing for a dollar; so that if anyone danced steadily the whole evening it would run into considerable money. The average expenditure is about \$2.50, and \$3.50 about the limit.

For these reasons, at any given moment there are about four times as many "wall-flower" customers as those that are dancing. When the night is over the girls run to the office and collect a nickel for each half ticket.

Recently in New York, one cent dances have appeared. But the customer must purchase a drip of ten tickets and each "dance" lasts but a few seconds. The successive "dances" being indicated by a row of 10 electric lights on the wall. As these fade one by one, the expiration of the dances is indicated. The same principle is used in some of the better places where ten tickets are purchased for a dollar and the music never ceases until ten dances are traded off. Of course, the dances are longer than in the "one cent joints." Occasionally a red bulb glows forth, indicating that the kind management is giving a dance "on the house."

Each girl as she starts hugs the hope of being one of the few exceptions. Robert Schermerhorn Randolph, a student and social registerite, married a taxi-dancer employed at the Orpheum Dance Palace, New York City, in September, 1931. At the time he was living with his mother, the present Mrs. A. H. Maner, at 178 East 70th St., and working in Wall St. He continued to live in this fashion, apart from his bride who went on with her work at the dance hall, until news of the marriage leaked out in May, 1932.

Since then, he and his wife, the former Peggy Price, have been living in a tiny apartment on West 69th St., without benefit of family bank account. At present, both she and her husband have at Wall St. jobs, he as a runner earning \$10.40 a week, she as a secretary earning \$15.00 a week.

Allan P. Carlisle, son of Jay F. Carlisle, millionaire broker, eloped with Romaine Fleming, taxi-dancer, also of the Orpheum Dance Palace, in December, 1931. Afterward, Mr. Carlisle returned to Harvard, where he was an undergraduate, and the young couple resumed her work at the Orpheum.

Match of this year, when a classmate of Carlisle at his new job of the marriage to the bridegroom's father, head of the Wall St. firm of Carlisle, Mellick & Co. Almost immediately Allan left Harvard and his bride deserted the dance hall. Reporters found them living in a small apartment at 235 West 12th St., in the heart of Greenwich Village. They are said to be on probation and a very small allowance.

Understandably, such a life is not a very happy one. The girls are generally dressed in a very tawdry, indeed. They discard their stockings and most of their underwear before going onto the floor. Before Police Commissioner Mulrooney's recent regulations went into effect, New York "hostesses" generally danced in absolutely nothing but their

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lower in the scale and is said to find herself once more the "black and tan joint," to be cut off frankly in the negro

dancers are because they are at the service of any man who will pay the fare. Also, curiously enough, the life of a taxi-dancer is just that of the average career of a taxi-dancer, two to four years.

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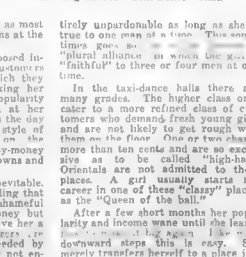
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Here is Romaine Fleming Making Up for Her Evening in the "Taxi-Dancer" Hall.





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[Faint handwritten notes and stamps at the bottom of the page]

Maneplacoe in the Room Where the Austrian High Command Had Spent Out the Night Pressing the Spring, the Great Pointing in its Frame swung Slowly Open, Captain W. Stepped Quickly Down and Assisted the Countess as She Followed Him.

once, without heavy guns, but the Austrians would not listen, so the offensive was to be put off for the next 24 hours.

With joy the captain pressed the Countess' hand.

After having a long consultation the Countess he decided to steal up to the castle disguised as an Austrian soldier and be able to cross over to his own line.

to inform and arm their friends across the trenches of the coming danger.

Back again in her bedroom, the Countess translated what he had written down. The captain explained that he absolutely must have a copy of the war map so he could see how many troops the Austrians intended to engage, and, most important of all, from which direction the

ally. How would it work with a

Two hours later, as it was dark in the drawing-room, the Countess opened the secret lock behind the picture and Captain Bianchi stepped carefully down from the mantel-piece on a chair and onto the floor. He then assisted the Countess down.

The Countess' heart was beating fast. Nothing was up! In the meantime, "Captain Bianchi" kissed the Countess' hand. "You are so clever, I never thought of it," he said.

He wrote down in Italian code the names of the persons to be sent, and long before the sun was set he conferred with the Countess on the subject and was waiting impatiently for the sun to set.

In the far distance one could catch sight of Italian observation balloons, like sea

big clock and yod monotonous footsteps of the guard outside of the drawing room door.

The map with all the colored flags was still spread out on the table. While the Countess held the flashlight over the map Captain Elenchi caught her by the arm and said: "Wait! Wait! Wait! The situation there, the position of the great reserves, of the artillery and of various important depots. He was greatly surprised to find the tremendous

captain tried to catch the attention of the Countess in one of the balloons. It was very dark and the reflection of the mirror to some distance, but finally he was able to get her to look at the map. After a few seconds he was rewarded by a call was answered by his friend's recognition sign and given a 100 word for word, the message was

The Austrians intended to march right through to the sea and cut off the Italian on the flank from the hinterland and annihilate the whole army.

The clock on the wall struck 2. It was still time to climb up to the top of the lookout tower.

"To make sure that they had made the quote correct—it will come through lines myself tonight. Captain B. and I suggested."

"A thousand thanks to you, my dear ones. Let the Austrians attack. They get a big reception, via Italia! Bianchi whispered and embraced and kissed her on her lips

men—perhaps he would be lucky enough to get an answer from them.

It was a risky job. If somebody should see the flashes and betray him, then he would be caught and killed like a rat. Unlucky, the light was not strong enough for so great a distance.

The captain tried and tried again, but all in vain. No answer came from his comrades.

Then, some footsteps and an answer came from the longau with a man in his hand.

"Take your hands away—stay—are," he demanded in a stern voice. He stood like a marble statue, staring at her husband, who had turned pale.

The very next day, he was dead. His last chance had come, he realized.

Once, without heavy guns, but the Austrians would not listen, so the offensive was to be put off for the next 24 hours.

Two hours later, as it was dark in the drawing-room, the Countess opened the secret lock behind the picture and Captain Bianchi stepped carefully down from the mantel-piece on a chair and onto the floor. He then assisted the Countess to the door.

man troops, the position the great reserves, of the artillery and of various important depots. He was greatly surprised to find the tremendous amount of guns and men to be employed. He depended on the map, so when the Austrian told him precisely what so many divisions were needed for.

The Austrians intended to march right through to the sea and cut off the Italians on

The captain tried and tried again, but all in vain. No answer came from his comrades. Disappointed, he gave it up for the moment.

continued on Page 21



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The New Phantom Kotex—form-fitting, embossed, tapered, sanitary pad is made to fit—without any outlines—even under smoothest fitting dresses. You've never known perfect sanitary comfort like this before. There's nothing else remotely like it—U. S. Patent No. 1,857,854.

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The Callater Treasure By Roy Vickers

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

A... transactions relating to property. Then came a rambling and deeply religious account of the writer's soulfulness. The author, he deduced, would nowadays be judged a religious fanatic. He turned from page to page and in twenty minutes had discovered nothing at all.

"The gentleman from London—he kept swearing while 'e was lookin' at that book and said it was no good to him!" remarked the caretaker. "He was actin' there just about as long as you 'ave—swearin' all the time, he was. Then he gives it back to me, says he supposes it wasn't my fault."

"Then he went away, I suppose?"

"No, he didn't," chorried the caretaker. "He came over 'ere, same as I'm going now."

Ronald followed him. He stopped before a book on "The Book of Stewards." He looked at it for forty of them, he said. Ronald picked it up. The earliest, dated 1800, and twenty-eight years on, this had been the last book by Callater being consulted by the caretaker.

He soon found what he wanted. "Passing on... the beauties of nature, we come to a large eminence... as Hangman's Hill... of those legends in which this country abounds."

"It is told that one, Peter Warrgate or Waynecote, the public hangman, was enriched and was even granted a coat-of-arms by James I. Now after his elevation, the one-time hangman would seem to have been troubled in his conscience concerning the hanging of three thieves, against whom he had also been chief witness. He built himself a country mansion at the foot of the hill, on the crest of which the gibbet had been mounted."

"He spent much of his substance trying to obtain a decree which would enable the long-rotted bodies of his victims to be given Christian burial. But failing in this, he constructed a vault at the foot of the hill, lined with marble, in which the remains were placed. He died Sir Peter Warrgate (or Waynecote) was himself buried unconsecrated in his own grounds, where a headstone was erected on which the motto he had adopted—the Latin word *Veritas* meaning "again"—was cut through the stone in the belief that the sun, acting on Mid-

Ronald Stopped Short in Confused Amusement Near the Doorway, Cutting Off His Escape, 'Good James Warrgate'.

"You baint the same gentleman as was asked 'bout that before?" he announced.

"Last week, do you mean?" asked Ronald at a venture.

"Last week!" echoed the caretaker and spluttered with laughter. "Last week you say. Why it must have been twelve month last May."

"Ah, I think I know," said Ronald. "A tall, thin man, he was in a black hat—one of them tall ones—like as if it was Sunday when it weren't morn a Tuesday."

Very few men, Ronald felt, would come to such a village in a top hat—and for no



Ronald Stopped Short in Confused Amusement Near the Doorway, Cutting Off His Escape, 'Good James Warrgate'.

more urgent purpose than that of seeing the local museum.

"A real proper gentleman he was—gave me ten shillings he did."

"I'll give you ten shillings, too, if you'll show me just what you 'sawed him."

The rustic shambled on and unfurnished a locker at the far end of the shed, the structure that housed a very small collection. From this he produced a worn, leather-bound book which he placed on a convenient bench.

Ronald set himself to examine the book, which apparently had been compiled in sixteen hundred and ninety-two by one, Peter Warrgate, commonly called Peter-the-hangman.

The first part of the book seemed to be a sort of file copy of leases, freeholds and other

(Continued on Page 18)

Biscuits Now Easiest Thing a Bride Can Make!



The Above Illustration by the Famous Chicago Artist, Mr. David Lockwood, Shows the Sad Plight Many a Young Bride Found Herself In After Her First Batch of Biscuits.

By BETTY CROCKER
The Distinguished Cooking Authority and Conduress of Radio's Oldest, Most Famous Cookery School

BELIEVE or not, but today's brides make that biscuits are the easiest thing a bride can make. For today's brides have new food inventions—more delicious, more simple, so many of them are so simple that even the most inexperienced bride can make help but get absolutely perfect results, very first time.

Biscuits so light, so flaky, so mouth-wateringly delicious that today's brides and brides-to-be may well expect to blush at her husband's ardent compliments rather than to quake and tremble at the sight of her husband's wife with the pain induced by well-fortified and profit-executed biscuits.

The invention itself is simple enough. But hundreds of experiments were made in the Research Laboratories of the millers of famous Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" flour before the way was found. And then, quite by accident, it was found that by using an entirely new type of shortening a product could be made which baked utterly all chance of failure in biscuit making. And which

required the addition of only milk or water by hand, and was absolutely perfect. Biscuits ready for use in the incredibly short time of one and one-half minutes! From this characteristic came the name given to a new discovery—BISQUICK.

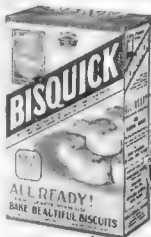
What It Is

Bisquick is utterly different from anything ever before known in that the "knead," or "trick" of perfect biscuits is already made out of it. This is accomplished with an accuracy by a shortening which is mixed into the dry ingredients by a new and remarkable process which blends them in either some time or some perfect human hands can do.

Bisquick is unique. The special type of shortening which is made exclusively for use in Bisquick is particularly important for tests which it keeps fresh and sweet long after ordinary shortenings have turned rancid. Bisquick will keep for months even when the package is left open. There is nothing that acts like Bisquick. Nothing that gives Bisquick results. Bisquick is an entirely new method of making biscuits.

How It Acts

Simply add water or milk to Bisquick... stir... cut out... and put in oven. All it



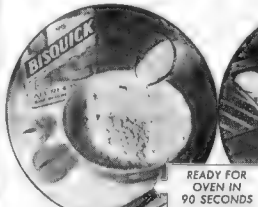
A PURE FOOD, HONESTLY ADVERTISED

The Seal of Acceptance of the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association is your best guarantee of the quality of new products and the truthfulness of the advertising claims made for it. Look for it on every food you buy. Bisquick has this acceptance.

which takes less time than to make a cup of coffee... 50 seconds or less! There's no measure! No trouble! No failures from this amazing product.

Then too, it is based on an historic old Southern recipe. And makes biscuits so light

Science's Latest, Most Thrilling Food Invention Takes All the Fuss, the Trouble, the Grief Out of Biscuit Making; Now Makes It Easily Possible For Even the Most Inexperienced Bride to Bake Absolutely Perfect Biscuits the Very First Time. And—Have Them Ready for the Oven in 90 Seconds or Less!



READY FOR OVEN IN 90 SECONDS

1 Just Add Water or Milk to Bisquick And... 2 Put in Oven to Have Perfect Biscuits

Millions of Women Have Found This Remarkable Food Invention a Great Economy. One Package Makes 80 Man-size or 125 Tea-size Biscuits.

so flaky white, so beautifully browned and so delicious every husband will say they're better than those his mother used to make. Bisquick is "Kitchen-tested" in home ovens just by your own under the direction of Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour cooking experts. Thus, every package acts the same way. Uncertainty of results is entirely eliminated.

Every woman, certainly, should try Bisquick. Biscuits (as many call these new-day biscuits) will prove a revelation in ease of making and in results.

A Special Introductory Offer

To induce women to more quickly try Bisquick, its makers offer, for a limited time only, a remarkable Free gift that virtually says you to try Bisquick. This is a new and improved biscuit sheet made from a certain kind of metal that spreads the heat more evenly. And, so, is guaranteed to bake better biscuits. It was developed by the Gold Medal Home Service Department and, through every, is called Betty Crocker's

Today's Bride, Thanks to Science's Latest, Most Thrilling Food Invention, Finds the Easiest Way to Please Her Husband Is to Make a Batch of These Gorgeous New-Day Biscuits.

"Bisquick Baker." It's big enough to bake 15 man-size biscuits, yet small enough for little kitchenette ovens. All in all it's a great thing to have.

To obtain one absolutely free and as a gift, simply get a package of Bisquick from your grocer, tear off the top of the package, write "Bisquick Baker" on the back of the top and send it in together with your name and address to the address in the coupon at right.

This offer is limited, so get Bisquick and send coupon at right at once. You'll be delighted with what Bisquick does. And you'll find the "Bisquick Baker" a valuable addition to your kitchen.

GOLD MEDAL FOODS, INCORPORATED
of 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909, 1910, 1911, 1912, 1913, 1914, 1915, 1916, 1917, 1918, 1919, 1920, 1921, 1922, 1923, 1924, 1925, 1926, 1927, 1928, 1929, 1930, 1931, 1932, 1933, 1934, 1935, 1936, 1937, 1938, 1939, 1940, 1941, 1942, 1943, 1944, 1945, 1946, 1947, 1948, 1949, 1950, 1951, 1952, 1953, 1954, 1955, 1956, 1957, 1958, 1959, 1960, 1961, 1962, 1963, 1964, 1965, 1966, 1967, 1968, 1969, 1970, 1971, 1972, 1973, 1974, 1975, 1976, 1977, 1978, 1979, 1980, 1981, 1982, 1983, 1984, 1985, 1986, 1987, 1988, 1989, 1990, 1991, 1992, 1993, 1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 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It took more than Mother's Advice TO CONVINCE ME!

THE day Don and I finally decided on an Autumn wedding, Mother said: "Now, we simply *must* get your linens. You can't go to housekeeping without sheets. First we'll buy your Pequots, and then..."

"Now really, darling," I said, "you're just sentimental about Pequots because you had them in your wedding things. But we've got to be *thrifty*. I'm going to get the very *best-wearing* sheets I can find."

"Well, I've tried other kinds of sheets," Mother said, "and I never yet found one that wears nearly as well as Pequot."

"That's all well and good," I answered, as stubborn as you please, "but I want to get the very latest information, and I want to get it for myself!"

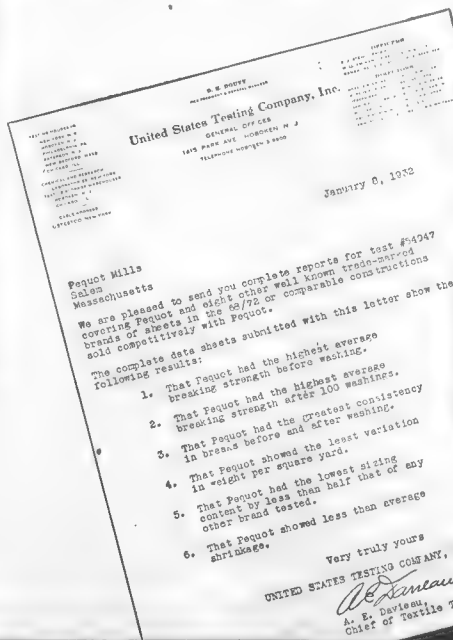
And I *did*, too! The salesman showed me that a big scientific test had proved that Pequot was way

ahead! So, of course, I bought Pequots — and Mother was pleased as Punch that I finally agreed with her. But it took more than Mother's advice to convince me!

TODAY, as for generations past, the best-wearing sheet is Pequot. And in a Pequot sheet, long wear is accompanied by wonderful snowy whiteness, and soft, luxurious comfort. No wonder Pequot is by far the most popular sheet in America!

There is only one grade of Pequot. Whenever you buy a Pequot sheet, you get exactly the same fabric that won the remarkable United States Testing Co. test — a sheet that's *sure* to wear!

Right now Pequot sheets are at the lowest prices this generation has ever seen. They're a rare bargain. Get a *big* supply!



Before you buy ANY sheets READ THIS REPORT!

Based on exhaustive tests of 9 leading brands of sheets — this impartial investigation proved that Pequots are superior in every respect. To get the *best* — look for this Pequot label.



THE MOST POPULAR SHEETS IN AMERICA — BECAUSE THEY WEAR LONGEST

(Continued from Page 16)

Advertisement.

He had little enough to go on in all conscience, yet he was filled with a burning conviction that Callater's gold lay some-

"Hullo, Ronnie!" Aileen
Exclaimed. She Was
Slightly Flushed and
There Was That in Her
Eyes That Belied the
Light Casuistry of
Her Manner.

"You may get your money back if anything comes of it, but I wouldn't be too sure. You can't

Advertisement

when we are allowed to return Perhaps I am consenting to save my own skin. I hope I

Advertisement

"They are a mangy lot of cut-throats, but to do them justice,

pleasure of it, then thrust it into his pocket and went upstairs to see if Malmesbury had come back from his office.

CHAPTER XXXVII

minister power—he could stammer and flutter on the brink of professional etiquette. He could raise humbug to the level of genius.

"Oh, put it your own way"

(Continued on Page 19)

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Betrayed Her Noble Husband

(Continued from Double Page)

fired straight at the Count and his wife. The Count a second later fired and Captain Bianchi gave his life for his country. He fell

dead with a bullet through his heart; his mission was fulfilled.

Von Ingaug picked up his wife, who had fainted, and carried her down to her bedroom. Cold water and a bottle of smelling salts brought her back again to consciousness. The muzzle of his revolver set on the Countess's heart, the Count demanded an explanation.

"First I will kill you and then myself," said the Countess, with a slight smile, "as a disgrace to the house of Ingaug can only be wiped out with blood," he said.

Two hours later the Count came out of his bedroom a broken man. He could not kill his wife, he loved her.

Silently he went up again on top of the tower to find out how much mischief had been done. He searched the widow, took her identification papers and put them in his own pocket. Looking around he found the fatal piece of paper on which the message was written in the Countess's hand.

The Count palmed as he studied the document. Perhaps this spy did not, after all, have time to signal to the enemy so important a secret, which was carefully guarded by the Austrian general headquarters.

The Count descended from the castle roof and sternly questioned the Countess, but she denied the secret code used by Captain Bianchi—all she knew was that the captain warned his countrymen.

"Please, please kill me! I don't want my life any longer," the Countess pleaded.

The Count at once sought a pen and ink and wrote a message to see you, what can I do for you?" said the Field Marshal cordially.

"Excellency, something terrible has happened. I just shot an Italian spy on top of this very castle. I caught him sending a secret message to our enemy."

"How did he get into this castle? Are you sure he was a spy? Have you any proof?" he asked.

"He was found with a paper which should be handed over the paper he found on the dead man!" He

investigation, he knew, would reveal that only the Countess's secret letter from the Field Marshal contained the information as was given in the document. His wife, whom he still worshipped, would be not as a spy. The thought of it brought

"Tell me," continued the Marshal gravely as he received no answer to his question. "Tell me, was he alone?"

"The Count took a deep breath and straightened himself. "Yes, he was alone, Excellency, and he fired at me. As he found himself discovered I heard him distinctly speak to himself in Italian. 'This was laid out to me and you left me alone—ever so long alone. You must stay now. I'll tell to the roof and before I know he killed me. He missed me, but I fired at him.'"

"My dear Countess, dear Count, it was brave of you indeed. Now let us find out who this man was."

Half an hour later the war council, called later together, issued orders, transferred and served troops to other places, changing artillery positions, try-

ing to take every precaution to protect their army from being surprised by enemy shell fire, as one of the Austrian officers knew just what army secrets the dead man had. They also decided to attack twelve hours ahead of time.

"Well, dear Count, we will see about this later," said old Von Hotendorf, as he put his arm around the Count's shoulder.

The Austrians did not suspect that the Italians knew the whole secret of the coming offensive. They knew Austria had 160 battalions (15½ divisions), against Italy's 124 battalions; 376 heavy guns against 124; 1,000 light field guns against Italy's 304, not counting the large number of machine guns to be employed in the coming battle. And, still more important, where the big guns were mounted, and when they expected to launch the great attack.

The Italians were as busy as a disturbed antheap, evacuating the castle, and then the French lines, ordering up fresh troops, new guns and extra ammunition.

As soon as the Count was left alone in his apartment he lighted a match and burned the incriminating papers he had taken from the dead officer. Then he wrote this letter.

"My dearest wife: I have forgiven you; may God be merciful to you. My life is yours. I will be in the iron treasure chest; everything will be yours. God bless you and your coolness. I will be over the top if the bugle calls. Always yours to the end, Count von Ingaug."

The old servant, Franz, knocked at the door and told him that the army doctor wanted to see him at once. The report was very short. The Countess had collapsed in a nervous breakdown and was in a very bad way.

At the moment she had dropped off into a little tremor, slightly to his excitement and plenty of rest. At the moment she had dropped off into a little tremor, slightly to his excitement and plenty of rest.

Noisily the Count opened the door leading to the bedroom of the Countess and on tip-toe went up to her bedside. He took her letter from his pocket and laid it on the table so she might be able to see it if she woke up. She was asleep with a heavy head bent over the bed, to kiss his wife goodbye, for the last time.

A shudder ran through his body as he saw her lips so cold. The Countess was like wax. Was she dead? Without opening her eyes, she knew who was beside her.

"Oh, please forgive me dear! I have done nothing wrong; you would have done the same for your countrymen," she whispered. "This was laid out to me and you left me alone—ever so long alone. You must stay now. I'll tell to the roof and before I know he killed me. He missed me, but I fired at him."

With the last strength of her body she clung to her husband and tears flowed down her beautiful face. National hatred, all patriotic feelings for God, Kaiser and Fatherland, not even the traditional respect and inherited pride for the Count's old ancestors could keep his emotions back. He had forgotten, he was again

the old lover of by-gone days. Again sweethearts, he passionately took her in his arms, kissed her, called her "my darling, my wonderful wife," told her everything he had done for her to save her.

Secretly he took the letter with him and before he left the Countess.

In the early hours of May the fifteenth the roar of the heavy guns grew stronger from hour to hour, till it sounded like never ending thunder. For two days, cannon of all sizes and caliber sent death and destruction over the Italian lines.

The prowess of the enemy's battery and machine guns was very weak. The Austrians were sure that not a single soldier, not even in the deepest dugout, would have escaped alive in this intensive and continual order-fire.

On the third day, the order for the attack was given—but as soon as the first Austrian troops began to move, the Italian machine guns, which were expected to launch the great attack, were not there.

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headlines: "Asiago in Our Hands—the Italians in Retreat."

The victory was great. Thanks to the early warning of Captain Bianchi, the Italians were now ready to strike back and again, after two weeks, drove the Austrians back from where they came, with enormous losses. At last the Austrian general staff was convinced of the total failure of the Spring offensive in 1916 against Italy.

The order of retreat was given during a stormy night on the 17th of June, to fall back to the old established lines. The failure was complete. The Austrians losing 32,000 dead, nearly 40,000 prisoners, 232 heavy guns and over 1,700 light guns of all descriptions, besides the loss of confidence of the soldiers in their supreme war lords. To cover the defeat and to re-establish confidence in the whole nation and amongst their troops, the Austrians attacked near the Trentino and near Gorizia, with little or no success.

The sector of Asiago and Arterio was forgotten; it was a closed chapter for the Austrians, although it was once the greatest hope of the Central Powers to defeat the Italians and force a decision. This time, however, the gallant deed of Captain Bianchi and the daring Countess von Ingaug.

Months after month the Countess waited for the return of her husband. From time to time she would hear of his recovery, his transfer to the Air Force on the Western Front, but she never saw him again. Rumors never quite ceased among the officials of the Countess applied for a visa to the United States at the consulate offices in Vienna.

The heiress to the beautiful castle of Santa Magdalena, Countess von Ingaug, faded like the roses in her castle garden. She changed entirely; she became silent, she rarely spoke to anybody, but had a cheerful smile when she met her friends.

On the day of the twenty-second of May the Countess was in the castle yard to his wife's bedroom and he left with tears in his eyes and a heavy heart.

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material, with a red cross on the left side over the heart. It is the strict rule of the convent never to speak to or to communicate with any person from the outside world except the father confessor, to sleep in their own cots with outstretched bodies and folded arms until a merciful call to Heaven.

Before the last rose of Summer faded, the Countess von Ingaug distributed all her property among the poorest of the surrounding villages. The castle was dedicated to the invalids of the World War and her faithful servants. The family jewels and heirlooms were handed over to the mother superior of the convent. The only jewelry she kept was a small gold ring with a diamond set in it, which she gave to the mother superior of the convent as a memento of her life. Among the jewelry which she gave to the convent was the \$100,000 wedding gift of Francis Joseph, which at the time was the talk of all Vienna.

On a gray and rainy Autumn morning, dressed in black velvet the Countess attended for the last time the funeral of her husband. The whole household staff was present, most of them weeping. There was no hush in the heart, only a prayer for strength and forgiveness.

The Countess stood bravely on the arm of the chaplain who brought her down from the castle's yard to her bedroom where she was to be buried. She was smiling at the chaplain as he said good-bye.

"The day I will come back again," promised the Countess to cheer them up. One last look from the castle's yard to her bedroom windows just as the Count had done before he left—and the Countess was gone.

A few days ago the final curtain fell on the drama so fatal to the Austrian army played so many years ago. In the Austrian newspapers appeared the little notice:

In the convent of the Sisters of the Holy Heart died on Sunday morning unexpectedly Sister Eleonor (former Countess von Ingaug) at the age of 58. She had her last wish to be buried at the Castle of Colle Santa Magdalena.

The Countess' wish has been granted. Where they rest peacefully in the beautiful garden of the castle among the roses she loved so dearly. The Countess has kept her promise—she came back.

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2 kinds Original and Scented. Perfect for men. Shaving cream. Shaving cream. Shaving cream.

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SHAVING CREAMS

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Economical Housekeeping in Holland

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

HOLLAND has economy in housekeeping! No wonder that tight little land is feeling the "crisis" less than some others, and that she knows no breadline, dole or panic. "Solid" is perhaps the one word which expresses the Dutch, when one regards their small substantial brick houses, their compact streets, their simple foods, and even their women, who have not as yet been caught by any ad for "slenderizing!"

Thrifty to the nth degree is every Holland housewife. In the first place, getting married or starting a home is no hasty affair, but one waits until one can afford to be married—which means affording to buy furniture, and also with a reserve of finances, so that a slight financial ill-wind will not capsize the new venture. And both houses and furnishings are bought to last.

Holland is one land where the old heirloom appeal in buying is still strong—and where the service still rate 100 per cent in any buying appeal. You expect to pay for your own lifetime, as it were, but also to hand down to your children. Thus chairs, carpets and carpets are durable, and once bought, there is very little thought of change or whim, or desire for new goods and new services.

The result of this, especially in clothing, on the mass of the people, is an absence of fashion, what to an American or a Parisian seems a somewhat drab uniformity. Less than 100 people gathered in a railway station, for example, one could not say whether they were rich or poor, or whether they had bought this year, last year, or five or ten years previous. Raincoats and coats of indeterminate style, and "hats as head-coverings" and little "hats" which are bought this way with apparently 95 per cent of Holland's population.

There must be a certain resistance to throw away, for the fine gentleman doctor in whose house the writer stayed for three weeks, had just put on for wear a hat which he had kept for 10 years—and which had been sold just again "come into style." And his charming wife, a well-known leader of the intellectual class, related proudly that she had taken from a pair of long white kid gloves which she had worn as a girl, and which now her own daughter was wearing to a ball this Summer!

As far as can be judged, from the necessarily hasty experience of a traveler, cooking in Holland is reduced to its simplest terms. Both breakfast and the noon meal are "bread meals"—taken cold, except for a cup of coffee or tea. A typical breakfast in this well-to-do professional home consisted of three kinds of bread—white, a kind with bits of preserved ginger scattered in it, and a honey-bread baked in a long loaf much resembling gingerbread in texture and flavor. In the center of the table was a small revolving platter with which were grouped three or four assortments of preserves; at one side was the inevitable cheese. Coming to breakfast, you sit down and cut yourself a slice of cheese, spread it on bread, and pour a cup of tea. Another slice of bread and jam and breakfast was over. Nary an egg, a piece of bacon, or a plate of porridge!

Lunch is almost more of the same—that is, much bread, perhaps covered with a slice of ham, and cut with a knife and fork on the plate as a "franchise." Most homes, said my hostess, do not serve even one hot dish at noon—but she did—a cold salad by an odd name, but which she said was a clever way of utilizing last night's left-overs.

The evening meal, however, starts with an entrée of a simple type such as baked macaroni, then goes through soup, a meat, potatoes, vegetable, and a dessert of a pudding nature, and finishes with a piece of fruit—the only meal in which fruit seems to be served.

Details which the traveler notes are nothing more than left on one's plate, otherwise the feeling is that the person eating does not like the food! Hence plates carried away from the table are almost clean enough to start another meal. No waste is tolerated by this rule of table etiquette. The over-all little used probably to save expense, and the meat served are a succession of veal cutlets, hamburger meat balls, a pressed sausage, boiled fresh tongue, and some pieces of the pot roast type—no genuine roast, no beefsteak—and in this traveler's experience, the only inquiry revealed a dislike for lamb, which was surprising, with the comment that even servants would not eat roast lamb but preferred beef balls. Poultry is expensive, and eggs almost nonexistent—that is, they are never served for breakfast, and not used in omelets or similar ways. In short, for economy's sake, the Holland housewife is not particular in cooking, avoids choice and large meat cuts, and seems to concentrate on baked meats and sausage, and what we call "cheaper cuts" boiled or stewed. But it is in the economy that is most striking. How

little trees or wood, all coal is imported, and hence subject to foreign tariffs and conditions. The heating system in most houses is still by means of separate stoves often faced with the beautiful colored tiles which long have made Holland famous. A stove in every room—and then used only when you are sitting in that room—is the general plan. The idea of heating up halls or rooms where no person is living at the moment, and "too expensive" for Holland. One of the most familiar objects in many a Dutch interior, or painting of it, is what is known as a "dove-pot." This is a conical skittle, with lid and

ball handle, made in beautiful brass or copper. It stays near the fire, and its purpose is to conserve the remnants of the day's fire, when the family retires. The bit of coal or stick of wood is removed from the fire, placed in the "dove-pot" and covered. In the morning it has become charcoal, which serves to light the fire again.

Washing of clothing has long been a living at the moment, and a commercial basis—and it was given for a fact that the entire clothing of a family of three persons and the servant additional was sent out every two weeks and done for a sum equivalent to \$1.50 in our money. Under these circumstances, there is hardly any "blue Monday" for the average housewife, who let's the laundry

do it if she is a city dweller. In the country, however, or where the family income prohibits sending it out, washing must still be done in the home. A small brick oven or hearth is often seen in rural districts, fire being made in the box of this oven, and the washbowl set on top.

In Amsterdam there is a special type of community laundry, where for a small fee of 10 cents the woman herself may go to the laundry, take along about 50 pounds of her own laundry and wash it herself—being provided with free soap, cleansers, hot water and facilities for drying the pieces. Each woman is given a kind of roll to herself, with a power washer, which, however, is entirely in the care

of an attendant who operates it on an exact time-basis for washing, rinsing, etc. This is a very popular plan with the lowest class women in big cities.

With cooking so casual and so unimportant, and with commercial and baking facilities beyond the ordinary, what, you may think, does a Holland housewife do with her time? She cleans—and then cleans—and cleans—falling over a scrub-brush or broom-handle in Holland! Rooms are "turned out" practically every day, and really spotless rugs given the daily beating of their lives!

Holland houses have many windows and many ornaments of brass, and it has become a ritual and a tradition to "polish the

brass" or the windows, or both. Every door has a knocker of brass which must be polished, every dining room has kettles and stands of brass which are polished almost daily, there are many small mats and rugs which need shaking, in short, all the time which the Holland housekeeper spends by having simple meals and sending out her laundry—she loses in mere polishing! A shining, almost glittering, appearance of glass, tile and copper is her ideal!

Possibly this is necessary in a house where furnishings are drab and dull, and in which brown is the most preferred shade in both wall papers and furnishings. With much rain without, and many sudden rains, and chill winds blowing in from the North

Sea—with dark walls and still darker heavy drapes at the windows—the housewife must get some highlights somewhere! So she turns to polished windows and gleaming brass—and to her flowers, the gay, gaudy and profuse blooms of the Holland garden.

If her house is dull and dark—her garden is a riot of bloom—and even the poorest home has a garden that many a rich man might envy. Sober, solid, spending little—this is the Holland housewife's safe against the proverbial and the inevitable "rainy day."

The Beret From Paris By Sally Elliott Allen

(Continued from Page 14)

eleve-protectors, was languidly handling papers and indicating scenery.

The girl next Fitz had thrown back her cape, put her elbows on her knees, and leaned forward, absorbed in the action of the play; but presently she glanced in Fitz's direction. He had taken out a cigarette but had just finished fished vainly in every pocket for a match, and was beginning to go the round of them again when she slipped a thin packet of matches from a hidden pocket in her cape and held them out to him.

"Match?" she inquired impersonally, frowning a little. Her eyes returned to the pompous figure on the stage.

"Oh," said Fitz, rather taken aback. "Why, yes, thanks so much."

The heroine's hands had just executed a last subtle curve, she gave her little cut back-bow, and went out with her dipping glide; while her huge, bearded partner stepped to the front of the stage, and began a nasal croon between a song and a recitative that seemed intended to occupy the rest of the evening.

Fitz realized that there had

been no slightest flavor of invitation in the girl's action, but suddenly he determined to make an opening if he could, for she was provokingly different from all the girls of his previous experience. He held out her packet of matches to her.

"Thanks," he said again. "Do you—would you care for a cigarette?" He kept his tone carefully tentative.

She turned to look at him directly then, for the first time. "Love it," she answered, with that sudden, friendly smile that crinkled her eyes; accepted and a cigarette, and returned to the drama.

Fitz waited a few moments, then he asked casually, "Do you have any idea what he's driving at, down there? It's all Greek to me, so to speak."

"Oh," said the girl, with an accent of surprise, "you know Chinese?"

She told him, just before she went out—a low-voiced exposition while Fitz watched her, his eyes puzzled but a "don't see, the chum between"—he felt for the just right phrase—"between light and endeavor it pretty wide."

"Just a new set of conventions to accept and then it's quite simple, isn't it?" he commented.

trying to carry on intelligently, for she seemed finished.

She faced about at him again, at that, and her eyes brightened. "Good for you. Most people don't see it, just think this is silly because it's different."

He let his small triumph rest, but a little later he got softly so, as if to himself, beneath the orchestra's continuous whine.

"The world was the field of the Chinese man, And we were the pride of the sons of Han."

There was a pleased laugh at his side and she took it up.

"We copied deep books and we carved in jade."

And we wrote silk in the mulberry shade.

They faced each other squarely and both pairs of eyes ran up signals. Her gas ran over him quickly and she smiled again.

"Really I think you must be very nice," she said with the joy of a discover.

Somewhat, this girl made him want to be very nice and made and his sigh was genuine. "Not so," he said up to be a nuisance, she explained apologetically. "Come on along, I'm hungry. Where shall we eat?"

He hesitated. "How about the Oyster Grotto down by the Pier?"

linked her delicate, dark brows. "Oh, is it?" she said, as if surprised.

The huge man on the stage ended the monotonous incantation he had continued for fifteen minutes and the audience applauded with staccato enthusiasm. The narrow curtain dropped in the center of the stage for a change of back-set, and pieces of watermelon were passed among the orchestra, who passed to eat them and read the evening paper.

The girl glanced at her watch; sighed, and rose. "Good-night," she said sweetly, "and thanks for the cigarette."

But Fitz stood up, too, and followed her down the steep, soiled stairs. "Do you mind if I go along?" he asked easily, holding open the outside door for her.

She stopped, looking straight up at him through her long lashes, her head on one side like a watchful bird. He steadied his face for her inspection, washing the even of the lively curiosity he felt.

"No, I really don't." Her voice was decisive. "You see, men are up to be a nuisance," she explained apologetically. "Come on along, I'm hungry. Where shall we eat?"

He hesitated. "How about the Oyster Grotto down by the Pier?"

"The one with the nice story-tale pictures on the walls? Good enough. Let's take the cab."

"I'm crazy about the outside seats, aren't you?" She gave a child-like little skip by his side.

Fitz gazed down at the shabby tam bobbing along at the height of his shoulder with a feeling of almost fatherly amusement. Then they heard the car coming and ran the rest of the block, swinging in on it with laughter.

The girl paid her fare before Fitz knew what was happening, and looked up at him brimmingly as the car slipped over the brow of the steep hill. "Oh," she crooned, "don't you love the way it drops out from under you, like going down the side of a big wave?"

Fitz's memories of an ocean trip were chiefly those of boredom in an elaborate children's nursery with an equally bored children's attendant. "You like the ocean, do you?" he asked, feeling the question unimportant.

"Rather. When I'm born on it."

He wanted to ask more but before he found the right question, she had hopped off at the bottom of the hill and was swinging along, her cape fluttering in the wind, toward the Grotto.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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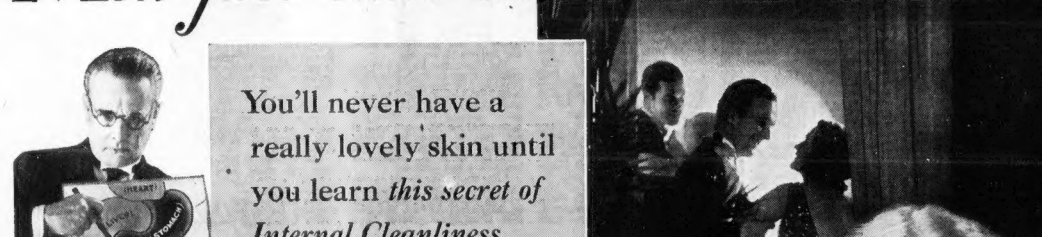
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I Men just can't stand BAKERSKIN!



You'll never have a really lovely skin until you learn this secret of Internal Cleanliness

(Left) SO OFTEN had skin come from poison ous! To "Tone" and "Purify" sluggish intestines leading specialists advocate fresh yeast.

HAVE you ever seen a polite man meet a girl with a blotched, muddy skin? Cruel beyond words, his carefully hidden look of aversion.

Cruel—yet who can blame him? An "unclean complexion" is more than a social offense. It is as repellent as disease.

For disease it is... a living sign your body is not throwing off the poisons that collect in your intestines... that you are suffering, knowingly or not, from the commonest of all human ailments—Constipation!

Get rid of Constipation!

So you can see how useless it is to try to cover up bad skin with cosmetics... or cure it with salves.

You must go to the root of the trouble. You must rid your body of poisons from accumulated food wastes.

And an overwhelming mass of medical testimony points to one safe, easy, simple way of accomplishing this.

Here is the prescription world-famous specialists give: Three times a day—before

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A food, Fleischmann's Yeast mixes with the clogging waste masses in your intestines—softens them—and at the same time stimulates the action that helps clear them away regularly.

Thus your whole intestinal tract is "toned up"—purified. Poison-forming matter no longer remains to stagnate and contaminate your blood. When this occurs, digestion improves. "Purp" repairs. You tire less easily.

And best of all you look better. Skin blemishes—pimples, blackheads, etc.—are usually cleared up very quickly by yeast.

Will you try it? You can get Fleischmann's Yeast—the fresh yeast rich in vitamins B, G and D—

at grocers, restaurants and soda fountains. Eat it just plain, or dissolved in a third of a glass of water.



Fleischmann's fresh Yeast is a Remarkable

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Health Food thousands eat regularly—3 Cakes a Day!

NO GIRL likes to miss good times because of a bad complexion! Miss Ann Blankenship, of Tulsa, Okla., writes: "I had acne. Nothing did any good. I ate 3 cakes a day of Fleischmann's Yeast. My complexion became clear."

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There is only ONE

5 STAR MOTOR OIL



QUALITIES	PARAFFINIC OILS	NAPHTHENIC (ASPHALTIC) OILS	Essolube (HYDROFINED)
KEEPS BODY	★		★
WINTER FLUIDITY		★	★
LOW CARBON		★	★
LOW CONSUMPTION	★		★
LONG LIFE	★		★

ESSOLUBE alone meets all 5 needs of modern motors

The perfect motor oil must excel in five qualities—ability to keep its body, winter fluidity, low carbon, low consumption, and long life.

The best Paraffinic oils rate well in three of these qualities. They are deficient in two. Naphthenic (Asphaltic) oils rate well in two of these qualities—are deficient in three.

There has been no commercial method—before hydrofining—which could combine the good qualities of these two types of oils.

Essolube, the hydrofined oil, combines these qualities for the first time. It keeps its body under tremendous engine heat and at extremely low temperatures. This means protection for your engine at all temperatures—less wear on your motor and fewer

repair bills for worn-out parts—less wear on your battery. It has winter fluidity. This means it flows freely in cold weather and reduces wear on your motor during winter. It has next to no carbon—this means fewer repair bills for carbon cleaning jobs. It gives you low consumption. This means it lubricates longer, reduces bills for worn-out bearings, reduces oil bills. It has long life. This means it doesn't sludge—fewer oil changes, further savings on oil bills.

Essolube—the Esso of motor oils—is on sale at all dealers and stations of the following companies at no extra cost: Colonial Beacon Oil Company, Inc., Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, Standard Oil Company of Pennsylvania, Standard Oil Company of Louisiana, Standard Oil Company, Incorporated in Kentucky.

Essolube

H Y D R O F I N E D

FREE BOOKLET—"Essolube, A Five-Star Motor Oil," gives you the story of the great hydrofining invention which makes Essolube possible. Ask for it at a station of any company listed above.

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